

The background of the cover is a painting. At the top, a dark banner with three white Swastika symbols is visible. Below it, a young man with dark hair is sitting on a white cloth inside a green tent. He is looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression. The tent's interior is painted in shades of green and yellow. The overall style is that of a mid-20th-century pulp magazine cover.

# GO DOWN, AARON

By CHRIS DAVIDSON

THIRD-SEX SLAVE  
TO THE THIRD REICH'S BRUTAL LUST!

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS



To quote Lawrence Lipton, in *The Erotic Revolution*: "It is a paradox of history that the best kept secret is the secret everybody knows and nobody is talking about. I am not refering to the sexual revolution, which is universally acknowledged and widely discussed. What I am referring to is the extent to which the beginnings of a new morality have already made their appearance in our culture. The breakdown of the old Morality is no longer a secret, but the New Morality which is replacing it is not being discussed. When it is discussed, it is discussed in the kind of double-talk which characterizes polite conversation, or passes for 'professional responsibility' in the mass communications media and the social sciences." And we add, from Theodore Reik, in *Of Love and Lust*: "There is certainly little satisfaction in having to take one's pleasure under threat of compulsion. May we add the question: is this indeed pleasure without responsibility? Actually it is pleasure with responsibility, pleasure forced upon him by another who threatens: 'If you do not enjoy this I'll shoot you like a dog.'" The dark world of homosexuality was unknown to Aaron, until the Nazis slaughtered his family and showed him that sex could be destructive. He was sent to a carnal concentration camp...and there the vilest humiliating acts became his stock in trade!



# **GO DOWN, AARON**

**By**

**CHRIS DAVISON**

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- a division of  
GREENLEAF CLASSICS, INC.  
5839 Mission Gorge Road  
San Diego, California 92120

*Printed in the United States of America*

## Prologue

THE VILLAGE OF RICHTMAUSEN IS BRUTALLY frigid in the winter. The roads, hardly more than forest paths, are frozen hard at night, and run thick with muddy slugh during the day.

At the peak of winter's icy cold the roads are impassable except to Jeeps or military vehicles.

The huge, lumbering tanks of the Third Reich are forced to detour eighty-five miles around the village to the nearest asphalt road. High officials that have business in the small villages in the area are forced to abandon their staff cars and travel by Jeep.

There are five small villages in this section of the forest. Tiny remote outposts that are the only link between civilization and the darkness of the green wooded haze.

It is just this forest, this emerald grotto, that has inspired the awe and mystery of a thousand years of myths and tales. Through the green corridors of this place stride the Lohengrins, the Tristans, the Wagnerian gods of a forgotten age.



The sound of horns, the wild bayings of hounds, the high wails of trapped animals in their death throes, have sounded and echoed in this forest as ancient war gods watched in detached amusement.

Pale dun stags stand aloof, half hidden in the dappled shadows, as ineffectual man endeavors to achieve supremacy over the enduring forest.

Man, frail man, has worked, inch by inch into its depth, and then fled. Wild laughter that seemed to pulse from the forest's heart, followed, nipping at their heels.

Spectral streams course grayly through the deep glades, the arteries of life to the jade leviathan.

The forest is a contradiction in sounds and silences. Sometimes a vast dull roar, more often throbbing silences through which the 'thunk thunk' of a woodsman's axe, like a faint heartbeat, can be heard.

## 1

THE SMELL OF FRESHLY BAKED BREAD CARRIES for a long distance, even in the forest where it has to compete with the aroma of pine and oak. Aaron, chopping wood by the stream in the glen, smelled the warm goodness of it.

This is a good time, Aaron thought. He dropped the axe and, straightening, looked around at the freshly chopped pile of wood on the ground before him. This was a time to be hungry. This was a time when the body and senses would be at their keenest. The sights and sounds and odors of the forest were always sharpest in the morning.

With a grunt of satisfaction Aaron split the final log and, stooping down, gathered the day's supply of wood in his arms.

As he straightened up, he caught the scent of newly brewed coffee mingling with the aroma of the bread. He also thought he could detect a faint perfume of porridge. He chuckled down deep in his throat at how good it was to be alive, and made his way up the hill to the house.

The wood dropped with a heavy thud into the wood box, and Aaron stamped up and down a few times to shake the snow off his heavy boots.

As he paused on the back porch to remove his coat and muffler, he could hear strange voices from the parlor. This is strange, he thought. Who could possibly be here at this time of the year? The snows had been especially heavy, and visitors were rare. Since the war had started not too many people were traveling.

He hung the heavy coat on a peg and dusted the



powder-like snow from his trouser leg. Maybe it's the Kramers, he thought. He walked to the heavy door that separated the kitchen from the back porch. He stood at the door and, looking through the kitchen into the parlor, he could see outlined in silhouette against the window, his mother and young brother. Expressions of pain and horror were on their faces.

Papa, his body twisted grotesquely, lay at their feet on the floor. A pool of blood was cushioning his head.

Two officers of the Gestapo stood facing them. They had not yet seen Aaron as he stood frozen against the wall.

"Frau Giles, I am astonished. I warned your husband not to resist. You see the result."

"He did not resist!" Aaron's mother screamed, pulling little Michael closer to her. "You killed him in cold blood!"

"Frau Giles!" The older of the two officers was speaking, mock astonishment in his voice. He was one of those ramrod straight, cold Nordic blondes that Germany seemed to produce by mathematically precise methods of duplication.

"Your husband attempted to attack me. Is that not correct, Herr Gehrmann?" he said, turning to his companion.

"Ja, Herr Kapitan. He did try to attack you."

"That is not true! You are lying! Lying!" Aaron's mother sank to her knees on the floor sobbing.

"Mama!" Aaron cried, running from the doorway toward the officers. As he moved across the room he grabbed up the long knife that his mother had been cutting bread with.

Aaron screamed as the shots rang out from the machine gun the younger officer was holding. Fire spat from its muzzle, ripping across the two standing

by the window. The older man whirled, drawing his Luger to meet Aaron's rush.

The boy smashed into the officer before the man had a chance to pull the trigger. The knife in Aaron's hand sliced into the officer's groin, grinding and ripping his flesh.

The captain fell backward against the other officer, knocking him down.

Without a backward glance, Aaron fled through the door in a mad panic. He ran through the forest, as if all the hounds of hell were after him. Branches, long fingers of light and shadow, tore at him, at his hands and face and body. Boulders and tree stumps appeared from nowhere tripping him, smashing his body down against the hard frozen earth. He could hear the officer plunging through the dense undergrowth behind him.

He ran until he was gasping for breath. He had an advantage. He was familiar with the forest, the Gestapo officer was not.

There were many small caves and ravines, overgrown with heavy foliage that would afford him safety. He tripped on a rock and tumbled down a sloping hill, crumpling into a heap at the bottom. Looking up and around, he saw the dark, overgrown entrance to a cave where he had played many times.

Crawling and stumbling, he reached the cave and slid into it, stopping only to pull some leaves and branches over the opening.

Aaron crouched; a small quivering ball in the dark interior.

His breath came in shuddering gulps that sounded like muted thunder in the silence around him.

His breathing stopped quickly and suddenly as, outside, he caught the sound of crackling leaves. The officer stumbled by, gasping and swearing.

Later, after a long silence had once again settled



over the deep glade, his rasping breath grew more regular. Regardless, he remained still. He was afraid to move, afraid to open his eyes lest he see the man standing over him.

As he lay there, the sun moved behind the gray curtain of clouds, and darkness crept in from the corners of the vast forest.

Soon the combination of exhaustion, fatigue and grief took their toll, and he slipped into sleep.

Aaron stayed in the cave for two days, barely venturing out. Three times during that period he thought he heard the sounds of pursuers. Three times he lay crouched in the depths of the cave, shuddering. Three times he slid quietly out of the cave to find the forest as it was before, devoid of the enemy.

Only once did he stealthily return to the clearing where the cottage was, rather where it had been. Only the charred remains could be found.

Stubborn tears flowed as he stood looking at the ruins. Singed timbers poked at curious angles from the mass of blackened rubble. Only the chimney remained whole jutting like a stabbing finger, harsh against the wintry sky.

Great sobs choked him as he searched through the charred pile. He found a small tin cup seared from the holocaust. His tin cup, one that he had used since he was a tiny child, one that his little brother had used before him.

The grief, as he kept turning up one familiar object after another, seemed to lessen rather than increase. Soon he found himself viewing the scene with an impersonal detachment. He seemed to be standing far away, looking down from a great height.

Aaron reached down for a knife that he thought he would be able to use. He pushed aside a charred bone, bits of seared meat still clung to it.

He stiffened, drawing back in horror. The bone was only one of many. A pair of women's shoes lay entangled in the mess. His mother!

A horrible, shuddering scream burst deep within his throat, and he fled back into the forest.

He ran as he had before, but this time from pure horror not fright.

He ran stumbling and falling. He came to the stream by the cave, and plunged into it, the cold icy water stinging his face. He lay half submerged, choking, a queer tickling in his throat. Finally he could hold it no more and bitter bile spurted from his empty stomach. The convulsions repeated again and again until nothing but blood trickled from his mouth.

Aaron pulled himself weakly from the stream. The rough gravel of the stream bed scraped his face. He lay there, harsh coughing coming from his bleeding throat.

He dozed then, in the pale light. When he awoke it was to find the sun setting and darkness rapidly flooding the green depths.

Again he dragged his tired body to the stream and bathed his fevered head in it, the water cooling and clearing his head, slowing his whirling thoughts.

Aaron staggered back to the cave, and dropped to the ground. Once more he fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

Aaron never returned to the razed cottage again. That part of his life was over.

What was he to do now? he wondered. His family lay back in the clearing. There was an uncle in America, but no one had heard from him in years. No. Aaron was alone. It was up to him and him alone to survive.

Aaron existed aimlessly in the forest for months, scrounging what little food he could. Once he found a cache of nuts that a squirrel had hidden in a lightning-



ravaged tree trunk. That, roots, the leaves of plants, and water from the stream to sustain him, kept him existing.

Many, many times he cried himself to sleep, the tears flowing silently down his cheeks.

He prayed often to God. The one God; God of the people of Israel. His father had once told him that the people of Israel were hated and feared because they were favored by God. This had been so very hard to understand. He knew of the man called Christ. His father had made him read the new testament of the Christians. Aaron had studied this man's teachings; His mild words so capable of provoking love and warmth that they had inspired a world.

What he did not understand was why his God, supposedly the Father of their Christ, had been so forsaken, and that his people were so hated.

Why did the government of Germany—this strange little Austrian who named himself Hitler—hate Jews so much? Many stories—weird and horrible tales of gore and death, things that were happening to Jews—had filtered into the forest villages. Late at night, when his parents had thought that he was sleeping, he had often lain awake listening to the accounts of murder and destruction. He had listened with a strange mixture of horror and impartiality at the same time. He listened with sadness; not because these poor people were Jews, but because they were people.

Aaron didn't think of himself in terms of Jews. There were not that many Jews around for him to relate to. He was just one member of a family that lived in almost isolation in a forest. Many times during these late night conversations his father had interjected oaths and strangled exclamations. A few times he had overheard his parents making tentative plans for flight. If the war ever began to probe into the forest

depths, they would flee.

Occasionally reports of German troops being seen would set off a rash of provision stocking, and nervous whispers.

Once his father had returned home from a trip into the village and reported seeing a long line of heavily armored trucks and tanks streaming through the main street.

His father's prayer at supper had been even longer than usual that night, and there were many oblique references that Aaron was not supposed to have understood.

The fourth week had just begun. Aaron needed food. Spring was beginning to set in and the forest creatures were stirring. Aaron sought out the family that lived on the far side of the village. He was sure that they would help him. His mother had once stayed with them for two weeks when an epidemic of flu had forced the entire family to bed. Not that she would have felt that they owed her a favor in return, but because of the simple fact that the forest people helped each other.

The snows were melting away and most of the mountain paths were clear. He left the cave, after first checking the clearing to make sure that no one was about. Then, stealthily he made his way out of the forest and along the path to the village.

Almost five miles outside of the small town a swift rushing stream flowed through the broad meadowlands. An old wooden bridge spanned the muddy water—water that now rushed swiftly, swollen from the spring rains and melting snows. It seemed as if the bridge had always been there. The people of the village had been using it for over two hundred years.

Aaron stopped and concealed himself in the lush, green shrubbery which lined the banks on both sides. The sun setting on the other side of the bridge made



it difficult to see, but Aaron thought he could make out figures walking on the wooden structure. He decided not to take any chances and settled in the bushes to wait.

As it grew darker, small fires sprang up by the bridge.

None of the forest people would do that, Aaron decided. He also decided to sleep the rest of the night where he was hiding in the bushes, and find another way to cross the river in the morning when he could see.

The same dull nightmares flooded through his mind as he slept. The same aching pain of grief that had lessened only slightly. He drifted deeper into slumber as the shadows of night moved around him.

Deep voices and rough hands gripping him aroused him from his troubled sleep.

In his stupor, Aaron thought that the hands seemed disembodied. Voices with hands as they pulled him from his hiding place. The bodies, and the faces that belonged to the voices and hands, now swam into view, blurry and unfocused. The insignia—the strange twisted cross on the arm—seemed to leap out at him.

"Well, well! What do we have here?" Both of those big hands gripped his shoulders, biting in, hurting him. Aaron wriggled and squirmed, trying to break free.

"You're not going anywhere. Who are you?"

Aaron remained silent but continued to fight and struggle against his captor. Finally he broke free and started to run.

The soldier ran after him and the big hands grabbed at him, shoving him down. Then the massive body of the man sprawled on top of him, pinning him there.

"Don't be frightened. I'm not going to hurt you.

Why are you afraid?" he said.

Aaron was puzzled. Why didn't the soldier just shoot him and get it over with? Aaron lay there, not moving, the heavy weight of the man crushing him.

Aaron could feel a strange hardness to the soldiers already hard body, a pulsing hardness against him.

"Don't cry out," the soldier cautioned, "or it will be the worst for you."

The man's hands were now engaged in different activities. He no longer needed to hold Aaron down, his weight was doing that.

He was now undoing Aaron's clothing. He pulled the shirt from his back, ripping the material, and now he was fumbling with the buttons of his trousers.

All the horror and atrocities he had heard about now came abruptly flooding back. Was the soldier going to beat him? Was he going to leave great red welts across his back? Was he going to hurt him?

The soldier's breath was heavier now, its rasping ugliness sounding harsh in Aaron's ears. He started to whimper and begged the man to stop.

The man pushed Aaron's head back, and down into the matted forest floor. With one savage jerk he pulled Aaron's trousers completely off, and then threw his weight upon the boy once more. One hand, locked around Aaron's neck, choking him, while the other fumbled along Aaron's back, pressing and seeking. Seeking what?

He squeezed the soft roundness of Aaron's left buttock. He pinched and prodded.

"Nice. Very nice." His grating voice seemed more ragged than before, and Aaron suddenly felt hot naked flesh against his back, buttocks, and legs. The soldier had pushed his own trousers down to his knees.

The man's throbbing hard cock sought, found, and entered, piercing Aaron's tender virginal flesh. A hot



searing, a knifelike pain, shot through the boy as the man pressed his hips forward. Aaron gasped, fighting for breath as the brute continued his invasion.

Pushing and shoving, the man pounded Aaron into the ground. Suddenly, with a massive shudder, the man rammed his thighs forward, his throbbing flesh slicing deeply into Aaron's tender buttocks.

The soldier then lay quietly, his breathing heavy and rasping, as he approached his climax, his hot release coming freely and thickly into Aaron. With a feral jerk and a gasp, he withdrew his softening flesh.

He stood above Aaron, one foot on the boy's back, while he adjusted his clothing.

"That was good. That was very good indeed. You are talented. You should share that tight little ass with a great many people." The soldier laughed and Aaron cringed under the brutal cacophony.

"Comrades! Come here! See what I have found." The man's huge voice boomed out. In a short time more soldiers appeared from the direction of the bridge.

"See what I have found," he said again and laughed, as the men looked down at Aaron's prostrate form. "As good wine is to the belly," he said, first patting his stomach, and then to his groin, "so this one is..." He pointed knowingly to his cock which was already beginning to lengthen and grow rigid again inside his uniform pants.

"I tell you what," the first soldier continued, "we'll all throw a ten mark note in a pile here." He indicated a spot on the ground beside Aaron. "The man who can plug him the most times will take all the money." There was a burst of laughter, and agreement all around, and the soldiers began throwing money onto the ground.

"I have already had him once, as you can see. Who

will be next?" One of the men stepped forward, a huge bulge apparent in his trousers.

"Ah, Hans, you big horse. You are always ready to slip it to something. Go ahead." There was another burst of laughter as the soldier bared himself, revealing his massive length.

He threw himself down on Aaron's buttocks and, as the knifing pain again shot through the boy's body, Aaron lost consciousness; a dark cold wave settled over him.

His pain-rifed body throbbing, Aaron swam back into consciousness. Someone was kneeling beside him, speaking gently and softly to him. He was aware of a blanket covering him, soft and warm. He screamed and threw himself backward, cowering with fright.

"Don't be afraid. We are friends," someone said.

Aaron looked up. A soft pale face looked down at him. A tender hand patted his forehead and smoothed his hair. Aaron fainted again.

A bare ceiling of ancient timbers swam slowly into view. For a brief moment Aaron waited to hear his mother's voice call to him from the warm kitchen, along with the familiar morning clattering sounds.

Then he remembered.

He started to sit up suddenly, and pain flooded instantly through his body.

A soft voice spoke to him. Gentle but insistently demanding hands pushed him back down onto the bed. The voice moved about, penetrating his consciousness through the mists of pain.

"Drink." The voice was again insistent and compelling. A cup of hot, fragrant coffee was lifted to his lips. He drank deeply, the hot liquid stinging his mouth. He choked, the scalding brew dribbling down his chin.



He pushed the cup away and blinked, his eyes trying to focus on the figure that sat on the bed beside him.

The face was that of a middle-aged woman. The features themselves were harsh and cold, but the deep-set eyes held warmth and kindness.

Taken individually, the harsh pointed nose, the sharp chin, and the thin mouth radiated icy, grating intensity, but taken as a whole the effect was one of immense depth and desire for love and affection.

This was the face of a woman who had lived, a woman who had not lived a pleasant life. The smile wrinkles around her mouth and eyes were equally matched by the deep frown marks and the creased forehead.

Her hair, completely gray except for a few still-dark strands, was gathered in a tight coronet on the top of her head.

Those compelling hands that now and again held the cup to Aaron's lips were calloused and hard. The nails were split and blackened. She wore a simple dress that loosely bound her ample, maternal figure. Her body was sturdy, and it reminded Aaron of breeding animals that he had seen.

"Drink." She repeated, again holding the cup to his mouth. "Drink and regain your strength. They are looking for you, the Gestapo. You must leave here soon. It will not be long before they'll find you if you stay here."

At the sound of the terror-inscribing name, Aaron started, and struggled to sit up again.

"No, not yet. You have a little while. Perhaps even a few days. Now sleep."

Aaron had finished the coffee and, even in his terror, found it hard to stay awake. The black veil of sleep insisted on fluttering monotonously before his eyes. He relented, and slid into its dark embrace.

## 2

HUNGRY AND DRESSED IN RAGS, AARON STOOD IN the long line. Behind and ahead of him moved a procession of Jews, his people.

Tired old men still clutched bundles of prized possessions. Women, young and old, carried children to quiet them. Older children able to walk, huddled together in hushed groups.

At the head of the line, an old table stood. A corporal sat at the table, scribbling and adjusting papers that lay scattered on it. As each person in line came to his attention, he would look up, ask a few questions, then motion the person to either the door on the left or the door on the right.

Since he had left the kind woman who had helped him, Aaron had existed aimlessly, foraging for food again as he had done before.

He had been careless once too often. He had been caught, and now he stood, with all the rest, in the line of determination, at the mercy of the Germans.

As he stood there, in the chilly morning light, Aaron noticed that most of the people were ordered into the door on the right.

There were the old and the unfirm, most of the children, and the not-so-pretty women and men.

The good-looking women, a few handsome or effeminate-looking boys, and some scholarly business-man types, were sent through the opposite door.

Aaron quickly reasoned that those few sent into the door on the left were people to be used by the Third Reich. The young women and pretty boys to be



used as prostitutes for the sex-hungry German armies, and the businessmen for the work that a war nation must have.

The amount of work involved in running such a nation was tremendous. Piles of it lay in wait, and the meager clerical forces of the Reich could not possibly handle it all.

Therefore, Aaron concluded, the door on the right spelled death. There was no question of it; the door on the left, life.

The decision was more than difficult. Would it be life to be used as he had been before? Brutally assaulted? Unnaturally abused?

The question still hung in his mind, unanswered, when he found himself first in line.

The corporal's face, lined and seamy like something used, peered down at the papers. His voice matched his face, harsh and hard. "Name?"

"Aaron Giles."

"Age?"

"Seventeen."

"Parents?" Aaron didn't answer. Instead he shifted from foot to foot, nervously.

"Your parents! Your parents!" the officer repeated, his voice edged with impatience.

"Marta and Kurt Giles."

"That's better. Where are they now?"

"They are dead. The Gestapo killed them," Aaron mumbled bitterly.

"Oh? I'm sorry. That's too bad." The officer glanced up from his papers at Aaron. The false expression on his face belied the tone of his voice. There was no sympathy there, nothing but the hardened expression of a man who had seen too much killing, too much war. His life was a long line of death and destruction, much like the line that stretched behind

Aaron now. He saw in Aaron nothing but just one more who must die.

"Special talents or education?"

"None. But I am handsome."

The officer looked up in surprise at this. He had seen many young women who had offered their flesh to him to gain special favors, but never before a boy. This boy was handsome; he had a young, seemingly unused body. The man's face grew even harder at what he knew was going to happen to this young Jew. He thought of the perverted officers of the German armies who would love to get their leather-encased hands on this boy's tender young thighs. To use him, to ruin him, physically and mentally.

He almost decided to send him to his destruction; it would be better than going through the hell that he seemed to be asking for. Aaron's voice broke through his thoughts.

"I don't want to die," Aaron said. The statement stood. Flat and final!

It was not a plea, not a whining whimper, but a statement, almost a demand. Aaron did not want to die.

After the brutal attack by the German's at the bridge, he had not cared to live. Not now. Everything, he thought, has already been done to me. They can't hurt me now. His body had been used, his parents killed. There was nothing more they could do to him.

He almost laughed at the irony of the situation. Here he was, a mere boy, safe from the Gestapo because he was no longer afraid of them.

The corporal looked at him and seemed to sense this in Aaron's face. He muttered an oath and handed the boy a slip of paper.

"Go down, Aaron," he said, "to the door on the left."

A curt-looking private behind the door handed Aaron



a towel and a bar of soap. Without a word he motioned Aaron toward a line of shower stalls.

There a group of men, women, boys, and girls were busily engaged in showering. Aaron presumed that modesty had no place here. The smell of the fear of death hung in the air like an evil monster. A still, horrible odor.

Laying his towel on a bench on the side of the long room, he hurriedly stripped, suddenly aware of his own fragile pubic hair, his gently swaying cock. Then he walked quickly into the shower spray.

The room consisted of numerous water faucets around a large tiled area. Several drains caught the water from the sloped floor. The water was hot and Aaron soaped himself liberally. The steam rose, clouding the room.

As he was drying himself, an officer entered the room dressed in the dark colors of the Third Reich.

"All of you who have a 'Pr-4' rating report to the side door." He pointed to a small door set into the wooden paneling of the room.

"The rest of you will leave as follows..." He began to read off a long list of ratings and destinations. Aaron went quickly to the towel he had left. The slip the officer had given him was wrapped inside it. The rating was "Pr-4".

Wrapping the towel around his waist and clutching the paper in his hand, he went to the door.

Beyond the door was another large room. The side of it, like the shower room had been, was also lined with benches.

A dark man, looking more Jewish than Aaron, stood at the entrance. As Aaron entered the man asked for the slip of paper with Aaron's designation on it. Handing it to him, he stood at the side of the door, waiting.

A young girl, about twenty, stood next to him. She,

like Aaron, was also waiting, but she stood shivering in the dark coolness of the room.

"Aaron Giles!" A voice called out, and Aaron stepped forward. He was motioned toward a table littered with papers and a typewriter. The man, the same person who had taken his designation slip at the door, took a shiny card from a pile and rolled it into the typewriter. He typed a few words on it then, taking it from the machine, handed it to Aaron. The boy glanced down at it. In bold, dark letters, the card proclaimed that Aaron was a prostitute for the Third Reich.



### 3

AARON, WITH A SMALL GROUP OF OTHER HAND-some boys, was ushered into another room. Once again he was left waiting.

"What is going to happen to us?" This question, directed to Aaron, was from the boy to his right.

The boy was altogether too innocent to have even the vaguest idea of what was going on. Aaron glanced around the room. Without exception, the boys were all effeminate.

They were all slaves to be used by the Germans. They were probably virgins. Aaron thought how ironic the whole situation was. Just a few short months ago he had not even known what sex was. He too had been a pure innocent, much like these young boys grouped around him.

"I'm not sure," Aaron finally answered. He spent most of the time talking to the boy, reassuring and comforting him.

After much time had passed, a group of soldiers came into the room. The boys were allowed to put on clothes, amid much joking, grabbing measuring on the part of the soldiers, then taken out to waiting trucks.

They drove for hours. The insides of the trucks were dark and cold. They huddled like sheep trying to keep warm. Aaron was sitting far toward the front and, through a crack in the side of the truck, he could see the lonely countryside passing by.

The hole was small, and his view was limited to glances of the territory they were passing. Once they passed through a small village and Aaron caught glimps-

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es of stern-visaged townspeople who watched silently as the trucks filed by.

Soon total darkness closed in on them and Aaron saw nothing as they traveled along, save for shadowed farmhouses and an occasional lighted town square.

Dawn had just begun to filter through the hole when the caravan stopped.

More guards opened the doors and the boys were ordered out of the vans.

Aaron, blinking in the bright light, faced a pleasant surprise. He had imagined a dingy row of barracks surrounded by dismal land. Instead, he faced broad green lawns that encircled a group of tidy bungalows.

Each cabin had a little garden in front of it, and smooth neat paths led from cabin to cabin. Beyond the buildings could be seen glimpses of tennis courts, other recreation areas and, miracle of miracles, a swimming pool.

There were exclamations of delight from many of the boys, but the guards—much more courteous than any so far—hurried them on to a large building at the center of the walkways.

They stepped into a whirlwind of activity as they entered the building. They were again showered, and then stood, nude, in lines as white-coated doctors listened to their heartbeats; prodded their chests, and checked their blood.

Finishing the examinations, they were given large bundles, which later proved to be new clothing.

Not hand-me-downs, but new, never-before-used clothing.

Each of the boys was assigned a bungalow number, and again Aaron felt a sense of awe. Not merely a bunk in a barrack, but an entire bungalow, all to himself.

Each of them was also given an interview.

Seated behind an imposing desk, sat the officer in



charge. Tall and thin, he was possessed of a soft, effeminate mouth, and large, liquid blue eyes. As Aaron entered the room, the man's eyes raked the boy's body slowly, missing no detail. When the officer spoke, his voice was soft and had a curious drawling effect.

"Hello. Your name is Aaron Giles. Is that correct?"

Aaron nodded, and looked down at his feet, a habit of shyness he had had since he was a child.

"You don't have to be afraid of me. I'll not hurt you. I am here to help you." He stood and walked around the desk to Aaron. He put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"You're a very pretty boy. Did you know that?"

"Thank you." Aaron thought how curious it was to have this man's hand on his shoulder, much like the soldiers by the bridge; yet this, somehow, he didn't mind as much.

"How old are you?" the officer asked. His hand, now occupied with a pencil, was lifted, poised over some papers on the desk.

"Don't be shy. These are all questions that must be asked; regulations."

"I'm seventeen. I'll be eighteen in a month...sir." The last was added rather shyly, as for the first time Aaron announced his servility to the German state.

"Good. We must have a birthday party. Would you like that?"

Aaron sat quite still looking at the officer. This man was dressed as the officers who had killed his mother, father and his little brother—the same uniform that was even now wreaking death and destruction to what was once a civilized world.

His natural timidity toward strangers, amplified by the hatred he knew he should feel for the Germans, fought with the exhaustion that had crippled his mind and actions.

"You are Jewish?" The officer's voice was soft and low, and carried no threat as the question was asked.

The man looked at Aaron and, sensing the quiet fury building in the youth, rose and walked to the door. He locked the entrance and drew the curtains to the small cubicle.

"That's better now, isn't it? Now we can talk in private. No one can see or hear us." He sat on the edge of the desk in front of Aaron, and his knee touched the boy's arm. He let his hand rest gently on Aaron's shoulder, not quite as man to man, but with an underlying motive.

"No one wants to hurt you. This is a nice place to be, isn't it?" He drew back one of the curtains, pointing to the green lawns beyond. "Much better than most of the outside..."

"Why am I here? What are you going to do to me?" Aaron's quavered on the breaking point.

The man took Aaron's hand and led him to the window.

"See those men?" he asked, pointing to a large group of high ranking officers gathered on the lawn below.

Many of them were old, and some quite obese. Most were cruel and hard looking.

"Your duty to the Third Reich will be to...entertain them, to make them happy so that they will be able, in return, to work for the betterment of the Vaterland. Now isn't that simple? There is nothing to be afraid of, is there?"

Aaron caught a tone of sadistic glee in the man's voice. A tone that implied something of the feeling he had gotten when he had first realized what the soldier by the bridge was going to do to him.

He drew away from the man and backed up against the desk. A cold quick shudder ran through him.



The officer went quickly to him. "You're afraid. You're needlessly worried. Come here." He pulled Aaron into his arms, and the very masculinity of his grasp brought forth a torrent of tears from the boy, his father had held him just like this so many times before.

Burying his head into the man's chest, Aaron sobbed. He cried for all the times that he had been hurt, for all his pain and suffering, and especially for his father who had held him in just this way.

"Now, now, child. Come with me, I'll take you home. I'll help you."

The man led Aaron out of the office, down the long corridor, and out into the bright sunlight. They walked down one of the paths that led between the buildings and past the group of officers that were standing there.

As they walked by, Aaron could see the looks they gave him. Greedy, lustful looks. Their eyes stripped him of his clothing and probed even further, staring hungrily at the youthful contours of his lush young body.

Aaron quickened his pace and the officer, his arm around Aaron's shoulder, hurried also, matching the boy's step.

The officer led him to a small cottage and opened the unlocked door.

Inside, the rooms were neat and immaculate. There were three rooms. The main room—equipped with a huge double bed and an elegant sofa—was lined with windows which, when opened, gave a brilliant view of the tennis courts, swimming pool, and the green lawns beyond.

The huge windows, which lined the entire back wall of the room, were draped with heavy scarlet-hued curtains that matched the fabric of the love seat. Tastefully done, the room gave the effect of a seraglio

which, in fact, was exactly what it was.

On a small table at the side of the room rested a gramophone, and a stack of records which adorned the lower shelf of the table.

Through a door at the side of the room, Aaron could see a small, compact kitchen, the gleaming white of its tiles giving evidence of little use.

In fact the whole appearance of the bungalow was one of newness and unuse.

The officer led him into the house, took the clothing that he was carrying, and sat them on the bed.

"See...isn't this nice?" He gestured to the rooms. "You have everything that you would possibly ever need." He led the boy into the kitchen, showing him the icebox which was filled with champagnes and other delicacies. "All this is for your use, you and whomever chooses you."

He then led Aaron into the bathroom, which was small, but even then equipped with a bathtub. A rarity in Germany, or anywhere in Europe for that matter.

A tiny cabinet over the sink carried many toilet articles including a razor.

"I don't think you'll be needing this for a while..."

He indicated the razor and ran his soft hand over Aaron's cheek which, indeed, did not and would not be in need of shaving for a while.

"However," he continued, "some of your patrons will need it." There was a slight hesitation over the word patron, and Aaron glanced up at the man.

He knew exactly now what was expected of him, and he knew there was no alternative.

Aaron was, virtually, a slave of the Third Reich. He was theirs to do with as they pleased. Aaron had chosen his fate and, ugly though it may be, the concentration camps would have been much worse.

"Come," the officer commanded. He led Aaron into



the main room and, drawing shut the drapes, dimmed the light of the brilliant summer morning.

He then walked to the bed, unbuttoning his uniform coat to the waist. With dignified grace he removed his cap and tossed it onto the sofa, and stretched out on the bed.

The coat, now parted, revealed a heavily muscled chest softly carpeted with pale golden hair that formed itself into a line, extending down into a soft curve just above the man's deep navel. His skin was smooth and bronzed by the warm German sun. His trousers, snug and form fitting, molded over his lean flanks, the bulge at his crotch readily apparent.

He was a handsome man; his white-blond hair gave dignity and grace to the sensual, earthy gold body. The tender grace counterbalanced the animal strength of the facade of his hard, German-nordic body. It was a savage body touched only slightly with a veneer of civilization.

"Are you still afraid?" His voice was now softer and lazier than before. They were alone, the door was shut, and no one would disturb them.

The voice also carried a tone of pleading, as though this man were begging Aaron to trust him, as though asking, not demanding.

Aaron sat on the bed beside him.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "What are my duties? Who am I to please? You? How do you want me?"

The questions came with resignation in their tone; a sense of surrender in his voice.

The man looked at him and for the briefest instant a glimmer of tragedy—of the most absolute of human sorrows—passed over his face, only to be replaced hastily with his normal sadly cruel expression.

His voice returned to normal. "You're duties are few, and simple," he said. Most of the officers are far

from their homes. They become lonely and homesick. You are to give them the friendship and affection that they need. You will see to it that all of their needs are satisfied so that they will be good officers, and serve their country well. Once or twice a week you will, with all the other boys, gather in the assembly hall and meet the men. There will be wine, music, good food, and laughter. Everyone will have an enjoyable time. Later you, and whoever picks you, will come here and continue the party. Isn't that nice? Where else in Germany could you have a party every night of the week? You are a very lucky boy."

His voice now carried the full flavor of bitter, painful sarcasm. He was now the superior, Aaron the inferior.

"What, exactly, am I required to do to...to entertain these...men?" Aaron asked, his eyes again following the hair-line down into the man's trousers.

The man moved up slightly, leaning on his elbow. He was now very close to Aaron. His hand was on the boy's back, and it moved slowly up and down, gently caressing. This tender movement produced a reaction from Aaron; a stirring within his trousers that he was powerless to conceal.

"You are to do just what you are doing now..."

"Yes, but how much further does it go?" Aaron turned and faced the man squarely. He felt the man's eyes caressing his groin, and he knew that his slim cock was unfolding visibly, that the man's touches had caused an involuntary hardening and arousal.

"This far..." the man answered, his voice husky and low. He pulled Aaron down so that the boy's head rested on his naked chest. Both his hands moved around on Aaron's back, grasping, and low moaning animal sounds came from his throat.

He sat up and quickly shrugged off the jacket, then



lay back again, his deeply tanned skin glistening in the dim light. Aaron could smell the man's sweat, sweet to his nostrils, and see the sandy hair curling moistly from his armpits.

"Take off your clothes!" His voice was now harsh, demanding, with rising passion. "I want you!" he said, almost ashamedly. There was no tenderness now, nothing but a deep, driving need that, in its infectiousness, pushed Aaron even further along the surging tide of arousal.

The man's hands began pulling at Aaron's clothing. Some of his shirt buttons popped off because of the rough handling. He finally succeeded in baring Aaron to the waist, and he pulled the boy's head down to meet his. His ripe tongue delved into Aaron's mouth, tasting of the richness of Aaron's lips while his strong arms seemed to crush Aaron's tender chest against his harder muscles, sliding Aaron from side to side across his downy circled nipples.

"You will be happy here. I'm sure of it," he said, and again pulled Aaron's mouth closer to his, running his tongue wetly over Aaron's lips, tasting the wild, unsampled sweetness of them.

"Take your clothes off! I want to look at you—all of you!" he ordered.

Aaron, too dazed by his new position to do anything but comply, stood and stripped off his trousers, shoes and stockings. He hesitated for a moment, pulling his shorts off, unsure as his cock seemed to bounce in the air, then he tossed his underwear to a chair and resumed his position on the bed.

"What do you want me to do now?" he asked.

"First of all I want you to stop acting like you were a slave. Your duties here are to please men. I don't like slaves. I like free, willing partners. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes Michael."

"Michael?"

"I'm sorry, Michael. I really am." The new tone of sadness in Aaron's voice caught Michael's attention and he looked quizzically at the boy's face, but his eyes hastily slid back down to circle around Aaron's true crowning glory, slim and sleek, tall and proud, and very, very untouched. The man's hands itched furiously and the pounding began anew deep in his groin.

"It's just that everything is so new and different from anything I've ever known before," Aaron said. "I mean everything happened so quickly. First my parents and my brother dead, and then those men by the bridge..."

"Men? What men?"

Aaron related the story to Michael, leaving nothing to the man's imagination. He told of the first man, and how he had hurt him, and of the others. He even told him about the money they had collected to go to the man who could abuse him the most times. He told Michael about the woman who had happened upon him as he lay bleeding and bruised, and how she had helped him. How he hid so well after that, only to be caught stealing bread in one of the small villages.

Michael listened attentively as Aaron lay there, the difficult, painful words now coming in a torrent. A man can only contain his sadness so long, and then it has to come, spilling into the ear of a sympathetic listener.

Michael held the boy tightly in his arms, his one hand delicately cupping Aaron's buttock, as he finished his tale with a flood of tears that dripped onto Michael's chest.

"Hey! Watch it!" Michael muttered after he had decided that Aaron had cried enough. "You're drowning me!"



Aaron laughed. It was a short, shallow laugh, but a laugh all the same.

Michael tilted the boy's head up, and returned the smile. "You see? It's not going to be so bad after all, is it?"

"This room certainly couldn't be termed bad! It's beautiful, so very nice." Aaron surveyed the room again, taking in its tasteful decor and elegant furnishings.

He returned his gaze to Michael, taking in the soft smoothness of the man's body.

As he lifted his eyes to Michael's gaze, he saw that the man was regarding him closely, with a look of amusement, and something else, something Aaron realized was desire.

"Do you like what you see?" he asked.

Aaron looked down again at the satiny tan of the man's body.

Aaron had never seen a nude man before, with the possible exception of the men at the bridge, but then it had been dark, and he hadn't actually been in any position to study their bodies.

He had seen his father working in the fields more than once in his shirt sleeves, but never without his shirt. This was something new and different.

Looking at their bodies as they lay entwined, Aaron could not help but compare the two.

Michael's chest flowed smoothly with muscles and was buffered by a soft coat of crisp golden hair but, taken in its entirety, a feminine roundness seemed to pervade its overall effect.

Aaron's own body, in comparison, though more slight and not fully matured yet, still conveyed the greater sense of masculinity.

In mad flights of fancy, Aaron had sometimes wondered if his cock was smaller or larger than normal.

Now, looking down at Michael, who's body was beginning to swell anew and stretch out with passion, Aaron saw that his, indeed, was the larger of the two. His cock throbbed with pride.

"Michael?"

"What, Aaron?"

"Am I big?"

"Big?"

"You know...big!" Aaron said, exasperatedly. His face was flushed from his embarrassment, and he kept his eyes down. Then, realizing that he was staring at Michael's erect member again, he swept his eyes again where he met Michael's. The man choked, convulsed with suppressed laughter.

Aaron's face flooded with scarlet and he plunged his head into Michael's shoulder as the man exploded into long bursts of laughter.

"Oh, Aaron! You're precious! I've never heard anything like that before." Michael pushed Aaron from him and doubled up, as spasm after convulsive spasm shook his body.

Aaron hid his face in the pillow, his whole being steaming with embarrassment.

Finally Michael's laughter subsided enough for him to turn to Aaron and take him in his arms once again.

Aaron held his hands over his eyes, not wanting to see the tears that still coursed down Michael's cheeks.

"Aaron, Aaron, you're a wonder! Such innocence! I've never seen anything like it before. 'Am I big?'" He repeated Aaron's question in a soft, wondering tone. "You're too good to be true. Fresh from the country. Yes, darling, you are big. Very big, and such heavy balls, too. Huge! Believe me, I know. I've had plenty of experience with men before. You have nothing to worry about. I wish I were as well endowed. Now come on, come out from under that pillow. I won't laugh any



more."

He gently pulled the pillow from Aaron's face, and tilted the boy's chin so he could look straight into his face.

"There! That's better. I won't laugh, I promise!" he said.

Aaron looked at the man for a moment, then blushed again, lowering his eyelids.

"I know that I'm naive. I know very little, certainly nothing about...about these things," Aaron said.

"Would you like me to teach you? I want to." Michael's fingers were twirling around and around through Aaron's pubic hair.

Aaron remained silent, remembering the men at the bridge. He remembered the dreadful pain of their attacks, and details of that night flooded back at Michael's question. He thought of the coarse harshness of the man's chest; the grinding, pulverising pain as the soldier's erection had first invaded him. He thought of the cold, wet grass that he had crushed beneath him, of the soldier's coarse hair scraping his buttocks, and the tickling sensation of blood flowing down his legs.

"Aaron? Hey, come back. Where'd you go?" Michael's voice calling him, roused him from his thoughts, and he looked guiltily at the man.

"You're thinking about those men at the bridge, aren't you? It's not all like that, Aaron. It can be as beautiful as that was ugly. I won't hurt you. As a matter of fact," he observed, looking down at the massiveness of Aaron, now hanging limply again, "if anything, it will be the other way around!"

He glanced again at Aaron's magnificent lean cock, emerging from a forest of pure blackness, and breathed a sigh of mock astonishment.

Aaron looked up at him again, suddenly understand-

ing. "You mean that I'm the one who will...that I will be the man?"

"Yes, part of the time." Michael said, cupping his hand around Aaron's balls and lifting them gently.

"But why? Why do you want me to do that to you? Do you like me that much?"

"Oh, you do have much to learn."

"Do you like me that much?" Aaron insisted, asking his question again.

"Well, I guess I can't blame you for thinking of it that way. You were raped. It does hurt the first time. Those soldiers were probably pretty rough.

"We've talked enough! I'll explain it all to you later."

Michael stretched out on his back, and pulled Aaron on top of him. He reached for his mouth, and tasted of it's sweetness. His hands roved freely over Aaron's body, touching and teasing, bringing the desired rigidity to Aaron's body and, at the same time, urging Aaron's hands to move on his loins.

He brought his tongue into play, seeking out the warm depths of Aaron's mouth, plying its effects and creating the excitement that only its use could bring.

This also was new, and its stimulus created a new longing—a desire within him, a rising, urgent want that called out a strange, unknown need.

Michael moved his thighs apart and, prodding Aaron, succeeded in moving the boy between them. He shifted, bringing his hips up, and for a moment their rigid swords rubbed together—sandy hair mingled with blackest black—but the position was too sophisticated for a novice such as Aaron. Quickly realizing the awkwardness of the situation for them both, Michael pushed Aaron from him, covered Aaron's pulsating flesh with saliva spit, and turned on his stomach, guiding the boy into position.



"Now, Aaron! Now!" Michael moaned.

Reaching back with his hands, he abruptly forced Aaron all the way into him, absorbing the shock of the violent entrance with the soft padding of his buttocks.

Aaron held back, afraid that he would hurt the man. Michael, in answer, tersely cried for Aaron to continue.

"Please, Aaron! Please! Oh, God. I need it so much. I want it! Oh, yes! Like that! More! More!"

Michael fairly screamed with delight as Aaron, fully involved in the demanding passions, released his fears and misgivings and plunged totally into their lovemaking. Aaron rubbed his hand around Michael's taut stomach and grasped the bronze erectness, holding tightly.

They were both crying out now as the moment of totality engulfed them.

With a final convulsive shudder, Aaron rammed home, his coarse black hairs plastered firmly to Michael by Michael's own spit, as Michael received the movement with a push of his hips hard against Aaron and they both released jetting streams of molten passions—Aaron's contained inside tight ripples, Michael's exploding around the back of Aaron's still jerking fist.

"You did like it, didn't you?" Aaron stated, after they had rested in each others arms for a long time.

"Of course I did, Aaron. I'd have been either a fool or insensitive if I hadn't loved it. For a beginner you're magnificent, Aaron! Are you sure you've never done anything like this before? No! Don't answer that, it's so obvious in some ways, and unobvious in others. I certainly envy the men who will be coming to meet you!"

"What do you mean? Won't you be coming back?"

"No. Each of us are only allowed one time with the new boys, just once, to teach them. Then never again."

"Oh!" Aaron's voice again sounded low and plaintive. Wouldn't that just be the way it would happen? To find someone and then to lose him. "Never?"

"No, Aaron. Don't get up," he said, motioning as Aaron started to rise. "Let's make it short and sweet. I would love to continue this. I would love to perhaps even fall in love with you, but we have two strikes against us now." Michael stood and began replacing his clothing.

Aaron raised his eyes to meet Michael's sincere gaze.

"The camp director will not allow it. You're here for the use of the Third Reich, not for my personal entertainment. And what's probably more important, you're too much like me."

In response to Aaron's puzzled look, he began talking again. "I mean in bed. Right now you're content to take the masculine part, but soon...soon you will be like me, liking what I like."

"Do you mean—?" Aaron stopped for lack of proper terminology and, instead, glanced to the bed Michael had just quit.

"Yes, Aaron. In time you will come to prefer the part that I just took. In fact, you will demand it!" Michael said, almost sadly.

Aaron's look changed to one of astonishment and disbelief, and he started to speak again when Michael stopped him.

"I know that it sounds unreal to you now, Aaron, but believe me, it's true. It will happen, I know!" Again Aaron started to speak. "No. Let it end now without another word."

He had finished dressing, and he walked quickly to the bed. Reaching down, he kissed Aaron softly on the



lips, his warm breath seeming to curl around Aaron's neck, then he turned on his heel and left the room.

Aaron watched after him, staring at the silent door, until he suddenly burst into frustrated tears and buried his head in the pillow.

## 4

"AM I LATE?" THE GENERAL STOOD AT THE HALF-opened door.

"No, Eric. You're right on time. Come on in." Aaron said.

"Well, Aaron, have you thought of something new for me? Something that we haven't done yet?" he asked.

The general sat on the side of the bed and began to remove his clothing. He was a handsome man for his age. Nearing fifty, he had kept his appearance and even now, though his hair was white, he maintained the trim vitality of a much younger man. His eyes, frost blue, were set in a deeply tanned, finely chiseled face. His nose, straight, except for a slight tilt on the very tip, paved the way for a full but firm mouth. He was a big man, big in every way, a fact that Aaron could see for himself as the man stood and slowly pulled down his underwear.

His hard flat stomach, squared and blocked by heavy muscles, flowed into a heavy chest covered with amber hair. His thighs, solid columns, held his massive frame straight and tall so that when he stood, Goliath-like, he dwarfed all those around him. Aaron languidly smiled up at the man from where he lay on the bed, half covered with a pale green coverlet that seemed to intensify his mist green eyes.

"Can an apprentice teach his master?" Aaron had been leaning on his elbow, and he now lay back, his dark, blue-black hair framed by the pale sheen of the satin pillows.



"The more I'm with you, Aaron, the more I realize that you are the master, and I the slave," Eric said.

"If that were only so..." Aaron sighed. "If you were the slave, and I the master..."

"If I were the slave, Aaron? What would you do to me?" Eric Weber, general in the service of the Fuhrer of the Third Reich of the Vaterland stood now in the uniform of Man, glorious in his nude masculinity. He moved quietly, with the grace and self-confidence of a panther to Aaron's side, slipping under the cover and sliding his hot, heavy body next to Aaron's slighter one.

He moved his mouth to Aaron's tender waist, kissing and probing at his navel, taking its sweet taste in tiny, teasing bites. Aaron could not help but respond to the man's deft touches.

"What, Aaron? What would you do with me?"

"I'm not sure... Yes! I know what I'd do!" Aaron grinned.

Eric paused in his explorations to glance questioningly up at the boy. He raised his hand and, with one finger, traced the pale alabaster of Aaron's jaw. His finger moved along the firm line of bone, trailing fire and need as it went.

"What would you do?" He asked again, his voice insistent and breathy.

"First," Aaron said, his husky voice matching the heaviness of the older man's. "First I would, with a touch of my hand, move your head back down to my stomach."

Eric followed Aaron's voice and hand with a willingness that gave the boy positive indication of the man's rising passion.

His tongue touched and quickened Aaron's salty flesh. Despite the boy's determination to remain calm and objective during the onslaught, he could not help

but squirm slightly under the tender attack.

A faint mist of soft hair swirled in curls over the boy's stomach, and it was through this that Eric's mouth moved—hot star-burst fire—searing him with liquid flames.

"And then...what?" Eric's voice, muffled in soft-questing reconnaissance, sounded even deeper.

"And then I would move my hips under you, ever so slightly, like this..."

Aaron moved his body like a slow tide, the ebb and flow of his motions causing Eric's mouth to fill and empty with the rigid, willing flesh.

Aaron, stretched to the limit and pulsing, squirmed and gasped as Eric moved lower, brushed against his thighs with his stubbly whiskers. He nibbled lower, caressing Aaron's balls, pulling hair with his teeth.

Eric hesitated in his ministrations to look up.

"Is this right? Am I doing what you want?"

Aaron, in almost complete control now, moved his hand down and worked his fingers into Eric's hair to urge the man further.

"Yes. More than yes," Aaron murmured.

Eric raised up over Aaron's downy stomach and looked down at the trim thighs that shone golden in the pale light. Then he moved down again, inspired by the sight.

Each touch, each movement of Eric's warm mouth, brought utter and complete homage to him. For the very first time a man was worshipping at the altar that was Aaron's body.

Eric no longer asked Aaron for instructions. He knew what to do and how to do it. He paused only to move between Aaron's legs, boosting them onto his shoulders, so that Aaron's hips lay above the level of the bed, supported by Eric's strong, eager hands.

The older man moved forward then, his mouth a



rich hot pit, and eagerly engulfed most of Aaron, moving his molten kiss down further and further, starting the slow pulsating tide of vibrant demand.

Again and again he moved, sliding vast waves of inflamed sensations up and down him, centering in the depths of Aaron's body and flooding delights outward to all the outlying flesh.

"This is what I've been waiting for, Eric, this!"

Eric moved his head again and again, piling sensation on sensation, a towering, exquisite wonder that engulfed and exposed Aaron to perfect ecstasy.

Never pausing in his sacrament of love, Eric lifted Aaron's hips even higher and moved forward immersing his own throbbing maleness in the rites of baptism, in the hot holy grail he had constructed of Aaron's body.

Elaborately and elegantly he submerged himself in the willing receptacle, the receiving font of Aaron, never loosing his hold, so that he gave and received, worshipped and accepted adulation.

Together they moved as one, climbing wide horizons of mutual wonder and completeness.

Ahead, white blinding power lay, awesome in its vast inference, reverent in its magnanimity.

Vivid passion on passion.

Star-fire!

Star-burst!

Star-flame; imploding and exploding as the exquisite pain flooded forth simultaneously, obliterating them both in hot-white oneness.

As they fell, returning to mortality, above them a lone dark star drifted down also, drifting and ebbing to its final disintegration.

"Is this what you would have wished?" Eric had been first to awaken. He lay on his back on the rumpled bed, sheltering Aaron in the crook of his arm.

Aaron chuckled deeply in his throat, a happy low gurgle that shone and reflected in his eyes.

Eric propped himself up on one elbow and looked down at the boy, a touch of amusement in his eyes.

"Why are you laughing?" he asked softly. "What is it?"

Aaron laughed again and snuggled deeper down into Eric's muscular but soft shoulder.

"I'm happy. I'm happy because you're here, and because...well because of what has happened between us."

He paused, and chuckled again. "You asked for something new, instead you gave me something new."

"That was new for you? I wouldn't have thought so. I mean...well, you're here and..."

"Because I'm a...prostitute? Because I live in a pleasure camp?"

"Well, I thought..."

"You don't have to worry about hurting me, Eric. I'm not that sensitive any more. Funny," he mused. He turned from Eric and, taking two cigarettes from the box on the nightstand, lit them and offered one to the older man.

Eric accepted the offering and stretched out again, drawing Aaron back down with him.

"I have not been here long. Not long at all and yet, in that short time, I've learned more than in all those years of books and studies at home. Do you know—" Aaron inquired, turning so that he could look into the man's eyes—that I didn't even realize that love, this kind, even existed? I didn't know that sex existed either. My family was not the kind to discuss such things in front of me. I don't even think they talked about it. It was just something that a man and wife did to produce children. I remember my first ejaculation. That was a year ago. It frightened me."



"Tell me, Aaron. What happened?"

"It was late at night. My parents were asleep and so was my little brother. For some reason I couldn't sleep. It was during the summer and the night was warm. I had been studying Greek history, and I thought it terribly brave to lie naked in the darkness of the room. I had thrown back the blanket that covered me, and my whole body was exposed."

As Aaron recalled his experience, he could not help but notice that Eric was once more getting a hard on. As he had lain that night, so they both lay now, on top of the tousled bed, wrapped in each others arms, their legs entwined.

As Aaron continued, Eric moved his hands to his body and touched his own erection, caressing and manipulating the engorged flesh. "Go on! Go on!" he urged, the anticipation of lust evident in his voice.

Aaron moved closer and, pushing away the man's hand, replaced it with his own, claiming the throbbing flesh that the man had been forced to quit.

Eric stretched out languidly, moving his hips gently under Aaron's tender touch.

"A draft was coming in from the window, and it brushed across me, making my skin tingle," Aaron continued. "I reached to my chest and touched my nipples. I gently pinched them. I liked the feeling. It made my skin tingle even more."

Eric moved his hips more violently now as Aaron's narrative and his jerking grip spurred him on to greater passion.

"I moved my hands down, touching myself. I liked the touch of my hands on my stomach and my legs.

"I felt my cock grow hard and I wondered at this. I had had erections before, but usually in the mornings, and after I went to the bathroom, it would go limp

again.

"This time, I didn't have to urinate. It wasn't that kind of feeling. With one hand I touched myself and squeezed.

"I felt myself throbbing as I squeezed again and again. I had never had this feeling before and I liked it."

Eric's movements were growing stronger now, and a sigh escaped from his lips. As he said the words, Aaron squeezed the man's hard flesh almost painfully.

"I experimented with the sensations, moving my hand, finding new positions. I felt a stirring within me, a growing need. But for what? I continued working, pulling and kneading my flesh. But to what end? I had no idea."

Aaron quit his position at Eric's side and moved so that he was lying between the man's legs, his head buried in the warmth of Eric's stomach. His hot mouth moved on Eric's even hotter flesh as he moved in slow, liquid circles.

"What then? What then, Aaron?" Eric's words came as a low moan. The words could hardly be distinguished.

"I moved both hands down so that I covered myself completely. Then I moved my hands up and down so that the skin moved with me. I began to feel very warm and lightheaded."

As Aaron's speech grew faster, the motion of his hands on Eric's body grew more rapid, and the words became interspersed by touches of his lips and tongue.

"The feelings grew and grew until they were almost unbearable. My breath grew more labored and I was afraid for a moment that my parents would hear me. Soon that didn't matter to me. I had to go on. I had to continue."

Aaron moved down to the soft flesh of Eric's inner



thighs, teasing the hot erection with tiny nibbles. Eric now maddened by the fabulous agonies of the boy's touches, writhed and squirmed.

"I did continue. Faster and faster, until—"

With his final words, Aaron plunged down onto Eric's anguished flesh. Impaling himself on the sword-like hardness.

Eric's breath exploded in a gasp. He grabbed Aaron's head in his hands and pushed roughly down as his wild hips churned and thrust.

"Oh, God!" Eric arched high into the air, carrying Aaron's body with him. His hands gripping the mattress, he dug in and held as the fatal explosion burst, sending a steaming wet warmth forward.

At that instant Aaron took the man entirely, forcing the hot, throbbing rod into his mouth completely and accepting the reward of his labors.

Later, Aaron moved himself weakly back into Eric's arms, sheltered and complete in the after-warmth of their lovemaking.

"I want you, Eric."

"What? Again so soon? Aaron, you'll wear me out before my time."

"No! I didn't mean it that way. I meant I want you. All of you. Not just your body, but all of you. Everything."

Eric moved away from him, disentangling himself from the boy's grasp to reach for a cigarette.

"I'm sorry you said that, Aaron. I was enjoying so much the way it was. Free of any...involvements."

"But why, Eric? I don't understand."

"I'm a busy man, Aaron. I am already involved with my work, with my country, with my Fuhrer. I have no time for love, or for that matter, for any kind of affection other than what we had right here, right now. It can only last for that long, Aaron. My life must

be the right *heres* and the right *nows*. That is the kind of man I am, and the kind of life I lead."

"But..."

"There is no other choice for me, Aaron. Nor do I need an alternative."

"Would it matter if I loved you?" Aaron touched the man's face with his hands, caressing the fine planes with a soft brush of his fingertips.

Eric caught the boy's hands with his own, holding them gently but firmly against his face.

"No, darling, it would only make it harder. For both of us."

He looked into Aaron's eyes for a long moment. Aaron thought he caught a hint, just a glimmer of regret, in the pale blue eyes.

"Sometimes I regret this, my final decision, but only for a brief moment. This is me. This must be like it is. Can you understand that? Perhaps, can you sympathize with me, with my plight?"

He released Aaron's hands, and the boy continued his ministrations.

"Yes, Eric. I can understand. I don't pity you. I rather envy your strength. You've made a decision, and you're able to hold to it. I ask one thing from you though—that and nothing else."

Eric moved so that he lay face down, half covering Aaron, his lips brushing the boy's neck, leaving a trail of warm kisses along his neck.

"What, Aaron. What would you like me to do?"

"I want you to be with me, this way, as often as you can. It sounds trite, I know. But it's never been like this for me. There's much I must endure, Eric. So very much. But with this, with you, it would be so much easier. Please?"

"Of course, Aaron. I enjoy you. We enjoy each other. There is no reason why we shouldn't be to-



gether often. We've talked enough. Too much. I want you. I want you now!"

Eric stopped talking and moved completely onto Aaron, pinning the willing boy to the bed.

Aaron moved his legs apart and gripped Eric around the waist, scissoring and prodding the man's flesh. His arms moved tightly around Eric's shoulder, his hands moving up and down the man's elongating, tensing flesh, urging the throbbing rod snugly between his buttocks to capture the inflamed head in a snug, clinging other kiss.

"I don't think I can wait for you this time, Aaron. I don't think I can." Eric breathed, as he rushed the first fatal inch into the very tight canal, his body working like a well oiled machine, a piston of power; that surged in, then almost out, of Aaron's eagerly demanding body.

They began slowly, each thrust making their bodies shudder and quiver as the tides surged and washed inside them, as Aaron's own rigid, aching cock scraped through the nest of Eric's hair to prod at his navel.

Then faster as the demand grew, a star-hot need that clamored and pulsed; that screamed for satiation.

"Oh God, Aaron! Again! Again! Now! Now!"

Eric gasped, almost a scream, and Aaron whimpered as the rich abundant fusillade surged and spat from his throbbing rod to coat Eric's stomach, and as he himself felt the splurting jets come off inside him. Aaron absorbed the spewing eruption of Eric within his tight confines and he could feel the hot dampness spread between their united bodies.

"Oh God!" One last moan from Eric and then they lay, quietly dropping into a deep, dreamless sleep, with Eric still locked, now limply, inside Aaron's grasping body.

Aaron had been in the camp for almost six months.

The seasons had wheeled and turned. Summer had come once more, and then the fall, and now the beginning of the harsh, cold German winter. The wind, cold and biting, already carried a hint of the snow that was soon to follow. Inside, the cabin was warm and dry. A fire could be kept going constantly in the wide stone hearth, now that Aaron had become one of the most popular boys in the camp.

Aaron was now reserved for the generals, the upper echelon of the Third Reich.

Most of his patrons were of the lowest sort of men, and Aaron despised them. They were cruel and harsh. They demanded unlimited passion and use from Aaron's now skilled body. They teased and tormented him in a surprising number of ways. Taxing, many times, the limits of human endurance.

Aaron smiled bitterly at the memory of himself just a few short months ago. He had been an innocent, with no idea of the many and varied ways that a body could be put to use. He had been, at the start, completely ignorant of the hundreds of positions and demands that the men could devise and use upon him.

When he remembered the brutality of the men at the bridge, so far in his memory but so close in time, he would smile and even break into laughter.

They had been cruel, savage brutes, but such innocents in the art of making love.

Still, what they had done to him that day was even preferable to what some of the men now demanded of him.

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preferable to what some of the men now demanded of him.

The evil, twisted practices they forced on him, the vile seductions of warped minds that strove sinuously to ensnare him in their deceptions.

Aaron thought about the S.S. officer who enjoyed being whipped. The first time the man had made his request, Aaron had laughed, thinking that he was joking. A look at his eager, pleading face, quickly convinced Aaron that the man was serious.

"Do you mean that? You want me to beat you?"

"Yes! Please! I want it!"

"But..."

The man dropped to his knees, his arms around Aaron's legs. "I want you to hurt me!" he said.

He stood suddenly and ran to his heavy coat which was lying draped over the back of a chair. He reached into a pocket and pulled out a short piece of heavy rope, knotted at one end.

"Hit me with this, Aaron! Hurt me!" He threw himself down onto the floor again, the rope in his outstretched hand offered up to the boy.

"Take it and use it! I want you to hurt me!"

Aaron took the rope, somewhat dubiously, and held it in his hand, testing the weight of it.

"Yes you can! You must!"

"I can't! Please don't make me," Aaron said and stepped back, dropping the rope to the floor.

The man moved quickly to the discarded instrument, half in desperation, half in rage. He picked up the rope and flung it at Aaron, screaming and swearing in fury.

"Take it, godamn it! Hit me, you filthy Jew! Juden! Juden!"

Aaron caught the rope the man had flung at him, now in real rage at the man's screams.

"Go ahead, you godamn cocksucking Jew! Hit me!" Aaron lost control and attacked the man, hitting him again and again with the rope.

"Pull my clothes off!" The man cried in the midst of passion.

Aaron, now thoroughly enflamed, began ripping the clothing from the man's body, between lashes of the rope.

"Filthy, dirty Nazi! I'd like to kill every last one of you!" Aaron said as, quickly, article after article of the man's clothing was torn from his body and flung to the side of the room, until the man finally lay nude, cowering under Aaron's brutal attack.

Suddenly, in the middle of a stroke, Aaron regained his sanity and realized what he was doing. He dropped the rope.

"Oh God! Forgive me!" Aaron pleaded, looking down at the light red buttocks.

"No! No! Don't stop!"

A new rage took hold of Aaron. A cold, calculated madness, and he renewed lashing. Slowly and rhythmically, each pulsation matching the twitching of his cock like the timed perfection of an orchestra.

Ssss—thunk!

Ssss—thunk!

First the awesome whistle of the fiber as it swung through the air, and then the meaty "thunk" as it hit the man's bare buttocks.

This is for my mother. This is for my father. This is for my brother, Michael. This is for the time I hid in the cave, cold and hungry, Aaron thought.

On and on he went, remembering and counting every hatred, every frustration that he had ever felt.

Soon the crisis overcame the man and he ejaculated on the floor, writhing and squirming in the ecstasy of his madness.



Aaron stood looking at the spectacle on the floor before him for a long moment, and then fled suddenly into the bathroom where he expelled the contents of his stomach into the toilet in fantastic convulsive shudders.

When he returned to the room, the man had dressed and gone. Aaron flung himself on the bed and lay weakly, taking in vast gulps of air as if to purify the putrid memory of the man within his lungs.

Aaron also remembered the field marshal who had demanded that they make love in the shower. He had held Aaron tightly in his arms, kissing and caressing the boy.

Aaron had been impressed by the casual attentiveness of the man as the hot water steamed and splashed around them.

With one swift movement, the man had lifted the proof of his manhood so that it lay upright, imprisoned between their tightly pressed bodies. Moving and grinding against Aaron, the man had urinated, and Aaron stiffened at the hot liquid that splattered his smooth body.

There were others; others with even more depraved demands, their common denominator being the savage use of Aaron's body.

The man who had just left, a general, was by far one of the nicest. He would not allow Aaron to even touch him. Every act, every movement, he insisted, should belong to him. He would push Aaron down on his back, his arms pinning the boy's vibrant naked body while his lips and tongue reached and roved. His hot mouth would move down the length of Aaron, to seek out and find his lean, throbbing cock, and then would move down onto the pulsing hardness, devouring it inch by inch and grasping as he brought Aaron to a surging climax.

While being one of the simplest acts he was asked to perform, it was sometimes one of the hardest. Many times when he had lain exhausted from a heavy weekend schedule, depleted from the activities before, Aaron had been unable to come off again. This had infuriated the man and, in his anger, he had threatened to beat the boy. Only the fact that Aaron had cried out had saved him from what perhaps might have been a brutal beating.

Some of the guards, especially there for that purpose, had come to his rescue, and the general had, at last, been quieted down.

Beatings were not unusual. A week after his arrival Aaron had watched as two officers, aroused to a point beyond passion, attacked with savage fury and brutally injured one of the camp boys.

When this happened, and the boy involved was physically disfigured, there was no longer a use for him. Such rejected boys merely disappeared from the camp and were never seen again.

No one was sure where the boys went, but many suspected. Horrible stories of the concentration camps reached Aaron—of huge ovens that were daily destroying hundreds of thousands of persons, stories of hell beyond belief.

This was Aaron's only real fear, that he, like so many of the others, would fall prey to the viciousness of the sadists of the camp.

For that reason he had managed to steal a pistol from one of his guests and had hidden it behind the toilet in the bathroom. If something should ever happen, at least he would be ready.

Aaron sighed and turned over in the bed. The clock dial, gleaming in the dim light, showed that the time was past the normal breakfast hour. However, the



itchen was always open to the members of the camp. The directors wanted them to be healthy and look well for their guests.

Aaron rapidly showered and dressed. He put on a heavy lined jacket with a hooded collar that was lined with a fur (a gift from an S.S. general) and, shutting the door carefully behind him, faced the bitter rising wind and made his way to the mess building.

Inside the main hall there were three or four of the other boys who had also been late and were now engaged in eating breakfast.

He was greeted with good mornings and hellos from them as he entered the room.

Aaron was not only popular with the guests, but also with the other boys in the camp.

He went to the service entrance of the line and nodded to the chef that he was ready to eat. As the man piled food on his plate, Aaron removed his jacket and hung it carefully on a hook in the small closet at the rear of the hall.

He took his tray from the man and walked back to the group already seated at one of the long picnic-like tables.

The dining room was modeled more like a restaurant than a mess hall. Many small tables were placed around the room, and they were covered with fresh white linens and gleaming silver.

A few larger tables for parties of four or more were placed at the side of the room. Facing these, at the opposite end of the hall, was a small platform on a raised dias. It was just big enough to hold a small band, or music group.

Aaron sat down at one of the larger tables with the others, returning their greetings. They were busy exchanging bits of gossip and tales about their patrons from the previous week.

Aaron, preferring to eat rather than talk, attacked the rich breakfast before him.

Eggs, steaming and basted to perfection, lay on the plate, surrounded by lean crisp bacon and a small steak, rare and juicy, lay engulfed by sizzling French fries. A waiter, one of the POW's brought around a steaming pot of fresh coffee and a basket of hot rolls with honey still imprisoned in the comb.

Aaron attacked the food almost viciously; he hadn't realized that he was so hungry. Four times the night before a general had used him, and Aaron hadn't even had a chance to taste the rich caviar that lay unopened in the refrigerator.

After breakfast he lingered in the hall to chat with the others, and they had the waiter bring more pots of coffee and cigarettes while they talked and gossiped.

As Aaron lit a cigarette, he happened to think how he would have felt just months before, if he only could have been able to look ahead. If he had only been able to see himself now, a love prisoner, a sex prisoner.

He glanced around the table at the boys gathered there. Many of them wore the habit and trademarks of their profession.

The youngster sitting directly across from him had light blond, almost platinum hair. He wore a pale pink blouse and extremely tight fitting trousers that accented his lithe figure. The pale gold fineness of his hair was piled and swirled around his eyes, and actually complimented the heavily made-up face. Liquid mascara, dark and vivid, curved and flowed over his deep lavender eyes, and on his cheeks a whisper of pale powder could be seen.

As Aaron watched him talk, he was fascinated by the slim white hands that fluttered and moved as he gestured to accompany his speech.

At Aaron's right sat one of the oldest whores of



the camp. A tall dark boy who was noted for his quietness. He spoke rarely, and then only a few short words to answer a question or return a greeting. His specialty, Aaron had heard, was to lie nude, chained to a bed, while his patron beat him. If Aaron had met him in normal times, on a street or even in school, he would have noticed nothing about him that would spell effeminacy or homosexuality. Aaron had heard that in the confines and privacy of his own bungalow, the boy wore nothing but black lace panties and filmy silk.

Most of the other boys there also carried the effeminate traits of the group. Aaron was an exception. He preferred to remain masculine even though he was slight and pretty, rather than handsome.

Late that afternoon, armed with a bottle of white wine and a plate of oysters, he spent the rest of the day recuperating from the night before and preparing for the evening to come.

Opening the closet door, he carefully and most particularly chose what he would wear that evening. Laying the clothing on the bed, he stepped into the bathroom. After shaving and showering, he dressed and left the cabin.

The bright bubbly music flowed smoothly about the room and swirled among the men in the dining hall.

Aaron and one of the other boys, Rudy, sat at one of the smaller tables with two German officers, Ulrich and Johann. The four were an accustomed group. The two officers were old friends, and ever since they first began to come to the sex camp, they had always chosen the two boys.

Both of the officers were past forty, and they both tended toward obesity. Ulrich, almost bald, looked older than Johann whose hair was almost white. The men must have been handsome in their youth—Aaron

could see it in the brief moments of energy—but now they were something less than physically desirable.

Johann had chosen Aaron, and Ulrich, Rudy.

Now, as the four of them sat drinking champagne and laughing, Aaron had to try not to appear bored. He glanced over at Rudy and saw that he was suffering likewise. They both exchanged looks of mutual boredom, and Aaron knew that, like himself, Rudy was wishing that he could be some other place.

Aaron suddenly noticed that Johann was speaking to him and, with an effort, he brought himself back to the room.

"I'm sorry, Johann. What were you saying?" Aaron asked.

"Don't you feel well? I've had the feeling all evening that you were not here. That you were in some distant place," he said.

"I'm sorry, Johann," Aaron said. "I'm tired. The week has been exhausting. What were you saying to me?"

Johann gestured to the two of them at the table. "We have gotten permission for you and Rudy to accompany us to the city. Would you like that?"

The city! The magic dreamlike city that Aaron had heard so much about. The huge, towering city of lights. Aaron had never been to the city, but he had heard so much about the fabled home of the original forest conquerors, and he had been wanting to see it since he was a child.

"I'd love to go see the city. When can we go? Tonight?"

Johann was delighted and amused at Aaron's enthusiastic response. In his life, Aaron was the only bright spot, and he liked, more than anything else, to make the boy happy.

"Wait a moment. Stay calm. We will go this even-



ing. Right after dinner."

"How wonderful. Can't we go now? How long can we stay?"

The questions came fast and furious, and Johann threw up his hands in desperation. "Wait! Wait!" he said. "I can answer only one question at a time. It's a good three-hour drive to the city. We'll have dinner here, then go. You'd be famished by the time we got there otherwise. Don't worry, the city will still be there...at least for the weekend, perhaps longer."

"How wonderful!" Aaron said and stood up. He threw his arms around Johann's neck, kissing him on the cheek. "I just love you, Johann!"

Both boys were excited, and later, when they were on the road, riding in Johann's huge, shiny black touring car, the boys spent their time trying to peer out at the darkened countryside, speculating about the things they would see.

"Is the city terribly huge, Johann?" Aaron asked. He and the man were sitting in the back seat of the car, while the other two occupied the front, with Ulrich driving.

"Yes, Liebchen, the city is terribly big. You'll see it when we get there. Now come, it's been too long since we've been together." The meaning of his words were not lost on Aaron, especially since Johann first kissed him, then pushed the boy's head purposefully down toward his exposed lap.

Aaron made love to him there, his mouth filled with hot, engorged flesh, as they sped down the darkened road. The car jounced and bumped over the dirt trail; a country road, that led into the city.

The city was fabulous. They entered through the western suburb and then into the city itself. Glittering and shining, its soaring buildings and lighted gothic

spires floated heavenward in glowing wonder. So far, the allied bombers had not been able to probe this far into the Vaterland, and the city stood glorious and shining as it had for a hundred years.

They spent many hours in the sparkling night club sector and then, just before daybreak, they went to the oldest and finest hotel, renting a fabulous suite.

Beside the fact that Ulrich and Johann were high-ranking officials, they also came from two of the more wealthier families in the country.

Aaron would have preferred separate rooms for he and Johann, but the two older men decided that tonight was to be an occasion and that all four of them would stay together.

The suite itself was elegantly decorated. The main sitting room breathed in crimson and gold fabrics, while the master bedroom flowed smoothly over a large area of white brocade drapes and accessories.

Johann ordered three bottles of champagne from room service, and bade the boys make themselves comfortable.

Rudy and Aaron raced for the bathroom at the end of the hall, taking with them their dressing gowns and pajamas.

Inside the bathroom at the sink, they splashed and bubbled like little seals as they went through their ablutions.

"Why do you think they want to share the same room?" Aaron asked.

Rudy looked at him through a foamy lather of soap-suds.

"Who knows? Personally I don't care," Rudy answered.

Aaron looked at him, then turned and walked to the window. They were located on the third floor, and below them the city stretched off into the horizon.



The street was empty save for a single woman, standing along the curb, searching through bits of garbage in the gutter.

"Look at that woman. She must be very hungry. She's eating what she's picking up," Aaron said.

Rudy joined Aaron at the window, and glanced down at the woman. "Perhaps she lost her husband in the war, and can't support herself. Who knows?" Rudy said.

Rudy turned away from the window, already bored with the woman. He was a shallow, tepid boy whose only interests lay in himself and his welfare. In all fairness it must be known that his ego had been so tormented, his emotions so warped, that he had chosen the only way to sustain his sanity that he was capable of, self-defense through his body. Naturally his prime ambition was to keep alive, in any way that he could.

Aaron continued to watch as the woman bent down, picked up another tidbit, and popped it in her mouth, never ceasing in her search for more.

"I wonder why the Fuehrer doesn't feed her? Germany is winning the war—everyone says so." Rudy mused as he stood in front of the mirror patting his hair into place.

Aaron looked at Rudy in disbelief.

"You can't believe that, surely?" Aaron said. "Germany is losing. It's only a matter of time."

Aaron turned back to the woman. She looked much like his mother, and he wished that he could do something for her.

As he stood looking down, a cold shudder passed through him, and he wondered for the hundredth time what would happen to him if the Allies did manage to break through.

What he knew of the Americans was only what he had heard from the officers he had entertained. They were nigger-loving, Jew-loving monsters. This last

was a somewhat bitter and ironic joke on him, especially since the man who had told him this was at the time laying entwined in Aaron's embrace. If the man had only known.

Aaron was sophisticated enough to know that the Americans were probably not as bad as they were painted, but nevertheless, Aaron was sure that he would go from what he was now to being the same thing for the Americans. After all, weren't the Americans men too?

The sound of harsh, laughing voices and boots scuffing the hardness of the pavement made Aaron look down again. He saw the woman break from her task and move hurriedly into the shadows as two soldiers strode along the street.

Now that Aaron had acquired a certain knowledge of the operations of the Third Reich, he was glad that his parents were dead. If they had been allowed to live, it would have only been to suffer. They would probably have been buried in some huge mass grave somewhere in the quiet countryside or, worse yet, have choked and gasped their lives out in some boiling oven, their ashes poured into some unmarked trench in the ground.

And his little brother, perhaps he might have escaped the gas chambers, only to suffer a fate worse than that at the hands of an experimenting doctor.

No! It was far better that they had died like they had, a quick and relatively painless end.

Aaron's mind returned to the present and now, and turning back to the sink, he finished his bathing.

Rudy had completely forgotten the episode of the old woman, and was now busily drying his hands and face with a fluffy white towel, a gift from Ulrich.

"Ulrich has promised me that he would buy me some new clothes while we're here. Isn't he wonderful?" Rudy said. "If he were only handsome, then



everything would be perfect.

Rudy, like Aaron, was one of the few boys in the camp who enjoyed what he was doing. The others did it because they were forced.

Aaron had found out many months before that he actually did like men, that he liked to be with them, that he liked to kiss them and return that momentary love that they provided.

He enjoyed and reveled in their lovemaking, in fondling their cocks and in having his caressed in turn. He was a willing partner rather than a slave.

"We must hurry. Ulrich and Johann are waiting. We mustn't keep them too long," Rudy said, standing at the door, one hand on the latch.

"Yes," Aaron answered. "I'll be there in a minute. I want to brush my teeth."

"Well hurry," Rudy said and walked out of the room. Aaron paused to look at the empty street below once more.

Aaron thought again how fortunate his mother had been. She had never been forced to scavage in the streets like an alley cat to survive. Thank God! Aaron thought. He breathed a silent prayer in case a God did still exist somewhere.

First a tiny sibilant whisper, and then the loud pop as the cork exploded from the bottle and foaming champagne flowed into the frosted bucket below.

"Bravo, Aaron. You do that well." Johan said and leaned back in his chair. He held his glass out as Aaron poured it full of the sparkling liquid.

"Would you believe that a year ago I'd never even tasted champagne, let alone opened a bottle of it? I had never even heard of it, much less tasted it," Aaron commented.

"Ahh...and see what you've been missing?" Johann

asked, and lifted the glass to his lips, drinking deeply. The wine dribbled down his chin.

"Come," Johann said. "Pour Rudy and Ulrich a glass too. There are buckets of it. Besides, if we run out, I'll just send for more."

They all laughed as Aaron poured, spilling some in their laps, which only made them laugh harder.

Ulrich reached over and grabbed Rudy by his crotch, pulling him into his lap and kissing him hungrily.

The champagne spilled out on the carpet, a dark splotch against the pale fluff. Their laughter was loud and irritating, and Aaron could stand it no longer. He dropped the bottle and fled to the window, fighting to keep back his tears.

Rudy and Ulrich looked puzzlingly at him and then, shrugging, returned to their pursuits.

Johann went quickly to him and put his arms around Aaron's shoulders.

"Aaron, what is it? What's wrong?" he asked.

Aaron dried his tears quickly, and then turned to the older man.

"I'm not sure, Johann. I don't know. Perhaps I'm tired," he said.

He shot a glance at Rudy and Ulrich. The older man had succeeded in removing the boy's shirt, and his hand was now reaching lower and lower, while Rudy giggled and moved his own hands around on Ulrich's groin.

Aaron looked quickly away, sudden disgust showing plainly on his face.

"Is it them? It is, isn't it?" Johann said. "Come with me. We'll go for a walk. The fresh air will do us both good."

He turned and led Aaron through the suite, picking up their coats.



They closed the door quietly on the laughing that came from the engrossed pair.

Outside the light was now fairly bright, and the night mists were beginning to fade, making the streets a ghostly place to be, a place of whispery mists and vapors.

They turned from the main street on which the hotel was located onto one of the small side streets that led along the canal.

They paused on a bridge that spanned the swiftly flowing river. Pieces of rubbish bobbed gently below, tossing and turning as the current jostled and flipped, them.

"Ulrich has been my friend for many years," Johann said and paused, as if waiting for an answer.

Aaron, however, remained silent, watching the river and dropping small pebbles into it.

"He is a wonderful man," Johann continued. "He is not always too intelligent, and sometimes...well, sometimes he allows his passions to flow too freely. I have never seen him act like he did tonight. He was like an animal. He's lonely, Aaron. Terribly lonely—much like me." He broke off and, leaning on the wall of the bridge, stared down into the dark water.

"I'm sorry, Johann. I don't know what got into me tonight," Aaron said. "I'm usually not like this. I think it's just that I'm very tired."

Johann turned and put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "It was Ulrich and Rudy—wasn't it?" he asked. "Aaron, you are young and entirely too sensitive for this kind of life."

Johann turned away, dropping his hands, and stared down into the flashing water again. "There was once a time when I was young and tender also. A time when a scene like that would have disgusted me too."

He paused again, his voice sounded old and tired.

"I suppose that when a man gets older he begins to lose his reason. He begins to look to youth, expecting to find in it that very thing that he has lost," Johann said.

He took Aaron's shoulders in his hands and turned the boy to face him. His eyes bored deeply into the young man's. "Is that what you think, Aaron?" he asked. "That I'm an old man, searching for his lost youth in you? Are you with me because you must be with me? Are you here because I'm the master and you're the slave?"

Aaron leaned into Johann, resting his head on the man's shoulder, ignoring the stares of passers-by who were now beginning to appear on the streets.

No one dared to speak, or even to stare hard. Johann was an officer.

"No. I don't think that, Johann," Aaron said. "I do like you. No one has treated me like you have. You're very kind and gentle, like my father."

"Like your father...not your lover?" Johann pleaded.

"Yes...I guess that's it. You are more like my father. I'm sorry," Aaron said, pushing harder against Johann's chest.

"I'm the one who's sorry...you shouldn't be," Johann said. "I know that it would be too much to ask for. You are young—you have everything on your side. I am old, too old. But at least let me be with you. Let me take care of you and help you."

"I do want you, Johann. I do want to be with you. I like you," Aaron said.

"Like and not love?"

"Yes...that's right, but you'll never know that it's that way. I promise you that..." Aaron said.

"Do you think that perhaps someday you could



learn to love me...just a little?" His voice begged and pleaded with Aaron.

"Do you want me to lie to you?" Aaron said. "Or do you want me to tell you the truth?" Aaron looked up at Johann, a hint of sadness in his eyes.

Johann held Aaron's head in his hands, his thumbs wiping away the tears that were gathering in the boy's eyes.

"Please lie to me. Please! Tell me what I want to hear, Aaron," Johann pleaded.

Aaron turned, facing the river again, away from the man. "Yes. Someday I will love you," he said. His voice, flat and void of emotion, carried dully against the murmur of the swirling waters below.

"Thank you," Johann said meekly, afraid to look Aaron straight in his eyes.

Aaron remained silent.

"Are you tired?" Johann asked, and put his arm around the younger man and helped him to the sidewalk.

"Yes, you are tired," Johann said. "Let's go back to the hotel. We should sleep. We have a busy night ahead of us. There's a party tonight, a very special party. I'm sure you'll like it."

"Yes, I'm sure I will," Aaron said.

They had arrived at the entrance to the hotel, and Aaron stopped Johann with a gesture of his arm.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you very much, Johann."

"For what, Aaron?"

"Just thank you. You are so very kind," Aaron said, and turned, entering the hotel.

The road leading up to the castle of the commander of the Western defenses led up a steep hill and onto a cliffside plateau. Writhing, it toiled through the dense

black forests outside the city.

Far below, in the valley, Aaron could see the twinkling lights of a village shining faintly through the rising night mists.

The four in the car laughed and giggled, the effects of the champagne Johann had purchased in the city before they had left.

"What is he like? The Commander I mean?" Rudy asked. He sat in the front, Ulrich's arms about him, causing Aaron to wonder if they would make it to the castle as the car veered and careened around the steep twisting road.

"Ah! You would like him. He is young, and very very handsome. But mind me, don't let him get you alone. He is very cruel. Besides you're mine, remember?" Ulrich said.

"Of course I remember. How could I forget?" Rudy reached down into Ulrich's lap and squeezed his limp cock through his trousers, giggling as the man cried out.

They pulled into the driveway, already lined with the expensive black touring cars and sedans of the officers. There were even some American cars parked in long lines against the sparkling brilliance of the lighted gardens.

This was an elegant affair. A doorman met them at the entrance to the castle walkway and held the ponderous wooden doors open, while a footman slid behind the wheel to take the car and park it.

They were ushered into a large entrance hall and asked to wait until they were announced.

A man, dressed in the uniform of a commander, met them. He was tall, blond and incredibly handsome in the best Teutonic tradition. Across one cheek, a diagonal scar streaked, giving him the hard look of the Visigoths.



Aaron was immediately repulsed and enchanted, fascinated and frightened. He had never been quite so attracted in so strange a manner before. He wondered what it was about the man that caused such a reaction.

Aaron acknowledged the introduction to the man in a voice barely audible, and walked in a daze as Johann led him into the romantically lighted ballroom. There were a few women present but, after studying them closely, Aaron discovered that they were actually men. Men dressed in women's clothes. Johann whispered to Aaron that the Commander had refused to allow women within the confines of the castle. In the dining hall and ballroom, champagne and delightfully wonderful food was served by handsome young men in the green livery and leather dress of the middle ages.

A small string quartet played dainty dance music that later was to turn to more savage throbbing pulsations.

More than once Aaron was asked to dance by many young, and some very handsome men, but he preferred to stay with Johann. From the look on Johann's face, Aaron knew that he was pleasing the older man by his actions.

The music swung into a soft, lilting waltz and, at a questioning glance from Johann, Aaron stood and walked onto the dance floor with him. At the edge of the swirling crowd, he moved into Johann's arms, and they moved gracefully with the throbbing sensuality of the sounds.

"Thank you for bringing me here. It was very nice of you," Aaron said.

"Thank you for coming."

"I had nothing to do with it, but I'm glad you asked me," Aaron said. "If I could have commanded it, I would have asked the same thing."

"It's my pleasure, I assure you, Aaron."

The music whirled around them, and the intoxicating bubbly feeling of the champagne made Aaron's head spin. He snuggled closer against Johann's shoulder and held on as the music flashed around them.

"I want you to dance with him," Johann said abruptly, indicating the commander who was standing with a large group of people, and who, from time to time, would glance in Aaron's direction, smiling when he happened to catch the boy's eye.

"The commander? Why?"

"He is...well, he is important. He could help me, in my position that is," Johann said.

Aaron looked curiously at Johann. Aaron had not thought him the type to use a lover for his own advancement. Aaron marked it down to one more of the strange facets of human minds that he was only now beginning to comprehend.

"You want me to..." Aaron grasped for a word, "...become intimate with him? You want me to sleep with him, so that he can help you?" Aaron's tone was not as incredulous as it might have been a month ago. He was finally beginning to understand men like Johann and Ulrich. Men that were so involved in themselves that they would use even someone that they loved to further their own ends.

"I helped you, Aaron. I don't think that it's all that much to ask you to help me, is it? Just this once—please?" Johann said.

Aaron realized now that everything he had ever felt for Johann was pity. Merely pity and nothing else.

Aaron's voice was tired and weak as he answered; "Of course, Johann. Anything you say."

"Good. He has already asked about you. He finds you—well, interesting." Johann said.

"Oh? Good."



"Let's sit down. I'm tired. This is work for an old man."

"Yes. Of course, Johann," Aaron said.

They returned to the table, and Johann helped Aaron to his seat as a waiter brought still more champagne.

"If it's all the same to you, Johann, I would prefer tea." Aaron met Johann's astounded look.

"Tea? Are you sure?"

"Yes, please. I've had far too much wine," Aaron said.

"Certainly, Aaron. Whatever you wish," Johann said.

He motioned for the waiter to come to the table, and bade the man bring Aaron a pot of tea.

After a short wait, filled by small talk and the idle chatter of the other three, the tea was brought, and Aaron was grateful for it. The wine had made him dizzy and ill at ease, especially after his conversation with Johann. Shortly after the tea was served, the commander came to the table and, after a refresher introduction, was seated with the group.

"I do hope I'm not intruding," he said, smiling.

"Of course not," Johann replied. "After all, you're the host, and we, your guests."

"Nevertheless, I was fascinated when my man informed me that one of you asked for tea. It's an unusual request, you must admit."

Aaron leaped into the conversation. "I'm afraid that I'm the one who asked for tea. You see, I'm really not used to this much wine, especially the fine vintage that you're serving," Aaron said. "I hope I didn't offend you?"

"Of course not. Actually—" he leaned closer to Aaron as if whispering some great dark secret—"I also drink tea at these gatherings. Fortunately, it re-

membles brandy enough so that no one is ever the wiser."

There was a general round of laughter at this from the others at the table, and it seemed to clear the air for Johann, Ulrich, and Rudy, who were at rather a loss for words because of the dignity of the elegant man.

Aaron, however, was immediately at ease with the handsome young commander whose name was Richard.

"I am somewhat puzzled," Aaron commented. "How did someone as young as you obviously are, ever achieve such a high rank?"

"That's a simple question, and one easily answered," Richard said. "I have money."

"I see," Aaron commented. The others had seemed to disappear from the conversation. Aaron guessed that it was the magnetic personality of the man, directed wholly and totally at him that gave Aaron such a feeling. It was as if they were the only ones in the huge room, as if they were the only two people that mattered in the entire world.

"I must confess that I was somewhat puzzled. Most of the officers seem to be...well...older. Then I saw you, and—you're definitely not old," Aaron said.

"I will take that as a compliment."

"It was meant that way," Aaron returned.

Richard gestured to the waiter to bring more champagne, and then leaned back in the chair to watch the dancers as they turned and swirled in the center of the room. Richard was seated next to Aaron at the table and his knee pressed lightly against Aaron's. This was not a cunning or sly gesture intended to deceive Johann or the others, but rather a simple indication of friendliness!

Overhead huge Venetian-crystal chandeliers cast



tickering arrows of light on the throng below. The music, now delicate, seemed to match the exquisite beauty of the scene.

"Do you dance?" Richard asked, indicating the dance floor with a nod of his head.

"Yes..." Aaron said. He was now somewhat shy and embarrassed from the direct fire of so much masculine concentration.

This graceful and delicate attention was not unusual. Aaron, as a member of the camp, was quite used to many men paying a great deal of court to him, but those men, compared to Richard, were crude, barbaric beasts.

"May I have the pleasure?" Richard had stood up and was now waiting for Aaron's assent.

"Of course," Aaron said, rising beside Richard.

Aaron, with Richard following him, walked onto the dance floor and, turning, moved gracefully into the man's arms.

Aaron had long since learned to take the feminine part in dancing. It was expected of him at the social gatherings at the camp, and for the first time he was more than glad that he had learned. Richard was an excellent dancer, and it took all of Aaron's talents to follow his lead.

They moved gracefully around the floor and, for the first few moments, spoke not at all.

They were positioned in the classic pose, and Aaron's head reached almost to the top of Richard's shoulder.

The man's hand holding Aaron's felt smooth and dry, not clammy as had Johann's.

"You're not German, are you?" The question came as a statement rather than a query.

"I was born here in Germany," Aaron replied.

"Yes, of course. But that does not answer my

question, does it?" Richard persisted.

Aaron moved his head back so that he was looking directly into the man's eyes. "I'm a Jew," he said.

"I thought as much," Richard said. "You're too graceful and sensitive to be a German. We Deutschen are a somewhat cold and brutal people, not given to such sensitivity as you undoubtedly possess."

"I take it then, that you do not share the same prejudices as does the rest of your government?" Aaron asked.

"I do not especially hate any one race as a whole. It is people in particular that I dislike."

"You do not share the views of the Vaterland?"

"I do what I am told to do...most of the time," Richard said.

"I see. You don't think the Jews then will contaminate the master race?"

"Sheer nonsense! Besides, even if it were true, I can think of quite a few people that I would like to have contaminate me," Richard said. "I refer to you in particular."

"I'm more at home with toady little men," Aaron said. "I'm afraid that I'm not used to such adroit flattery as yours."

"I would like you to become used to a great deal of what I've got. You please me in a hundred ways. You appeal to me," Richard said.

"I must confess that the prospect is attractive. I think that I would love to appreciate a lovely mind, and, I would love to be appreciated. I am vain, and your attentions please me," Aaron said.

The music was coming to an end, and Aaron was sorry. He would have liked for the music to go on and on. He enjoyed not only the conversation, but also the delightful masculine presence of the man. He was beginning to dread the return to the table, and to Johann.



"Surely you don't have to return with them?" Richard asked as they walked slowly back to the table.

"Yes, I'm afraid I do. You see I'm only in the city for a few days. After this is over I must return to the camp," Aaron said.

"The camp?"

"Yes. I live in one of the pleasure camps. The only reason that I was able to be here tonight was because Johann was able to get permission for me to be released in his custody," Aaron said.

"I see," Richard said. "Perhaps there is something I can do to help. Perhaps even arrange to have you released from the camp...in my protective custody, of course. Let me work on it. Would you like that?"

They were nearing the table now, and Aaron could see Johann's face, eager and upturned toward them.

"I will admit that the offer does sound attractive. But it is something that I would have to consider," he said.

"Of course. We will talk of this again. Right now, I must see to my other guests. Will you excuse me?"

"Of course, Richard," Aaron said.

Richard helped Aaron to his seat and, after exchanging a few pleasantries with the group at the table, moved off into the crowd.

"Well, well...what did he say?" Johann's voice broke impatiently through Aaron's thoughts, as he watched the handsome, athletic figure move off into the crowd.

"I'm sorry. I didn't hear you. What did you say?" Aaron asked.

"I asked you what Richard had to say."

"About what?"

"About me! About me! Didn't you mention me?" Johann's voice was now harsh with exasperation, and

Aaron saw him clearly for the first time. He saw a not too clever, grasping man who saw in Aaron a means to enhance his position with the government.

Richard must be in an even higher position than I thought. He seems to be able to exert quite a bit of influence, Aaron thought. Especially if he can get me out of the camp.

"Yes," Aaron said, turning toward Johann. "I told him how nice you are, and how kind you've been to me. He seemed impressed with you." The lies rolled easily from his tongue. He was learning to use deceit just as he was being used, to further his own advancement.

"How wonderful. Aaron, you are a godsend!" Johann turned to the others and related the news, leaving Aaron to his own thoughts once more.

So many times he had wondered what would happen to him if the Allies were to break through the defenses while he was still in the camp. Perhaps Richard's proposal was a way out, a solution to that very problem.

He would no longer be a prisoner. That and the fact that Richard was a terribly desirable man, and the fact that he was Aaron's for the asking.

This was a problem that would require a lot of thinking. But actually it was no predicament. There actually was only one solution. He would go with Richard.

As the four prepared to leave that night, Richard returned to the group and took Aaron aside.

"I have talked to a friend of mine and we think we can work something out. It will take a little while... perhaps a week or so," Richard said. "Do you think that will give you enough time to think?"

"That's wonderful," Aaron said.



"My only regret is that it could not be immediately. But red tape, and bureaucracy—you know how it is."

"Yes, of course, Richard."

"Come with me a moment. I want to give you something," he said, and pulled Aaron through a handsome carved oak door. A huge wooden desk dominated the room, and it sat opposite a large, blazing fireplace. The fire was the only light in the room, and it cast a warm romantic glow on the dark woods and fabrics.

Richard walked to the desk and withdrew something from one of the drawers. He returned to Aaron and handed the boy the object.

"This was a gift from my father to me," he said. "I want you to have it."

"It" was an exceedingly handsome cigarette case with a stag depicted in ornate worked gold.

"It's exquisite, Richard. But I can't accept it," Aaron said. "It's much too valuable." He held out the case to Richard.

"It is no more exquisite than you. I insist that you take it. I will hear no argument," Richard said.

Aaron started to again object, but his words were silenced by Richard's lips on his, as the man took Aaron in his arms and drank in the depths of the boy's mouth.

Richard's mouth was wild and sweet and tasted of honey. The very touch of him made Aaron's blood pound, sent it coursing through his veins.

He realized that suddenly Richard was pressing a little too tightly against him, and that he had an erection.

The knowledge of it affected Aaron even more, but still in the back of his mind there was the thought that soon he would have to return to Johann and the others.

He broke away from Richard's grasp.

"I must go now," he said. "They will be wondering

what has happened to me."

"I will see you next week then?" Richard asked.

"Yes of course. If it can be arranged."

"It will be. I need you very badly...right now," Richard said, and Aaron could still feel his hard cock pushing against Aaron's. "But I will wait."

"Good. Until next week then. *A Bientot*," Aaron said.

"*A Bientot, ma petit.*"

Richard showed Aaron back to the door, back to his party, and bade him and the others a fond farewell until they should meet again. His eyes met Aaron's as he murmured the adieu, and their looks conveyed a secret meaning, unknown to the other three.

The ride back down the mountain was quiet except for Johann's occasional harried question about what Richard and Aaron had talked about. Aaron parried the questions with vague, ambiguous answers that left to Johann's imagination the meanings.

Back in the hotel room, Aaron feigned illness due to too much champagne and the exhaustive effects of the party, so that any sexual desires that Johann might have had were forgotten in his sudden outpouring of sympathy.

Long after the others had fallen asleep, Aaron lay awake thinking about the evening. He had never before even considered the possibility of escape from the camp. He was well fed. He had numerous sexual outlets. He had all the clothes that he could want, or would need, and he enjoyed a certain amount of freedom in regard to his actions in the camp boundaries.

He had even grown fond of some of the members of the camp, and one or two of his patrons.

But then again—what if Germany was invaded? What would happen to him in the hands of the Americans?

This was the problem, and Richard was the obvious



solution.

If the Allies should break through, Aaron was sure that Richard would not be caught unaware. Richard was too cautious and intelligent for such an eventuality.

He probably had an avenue of escape ready for such an emergency.

Yes! Richard was the only answer.

## 5

IT WAS A WEEK, TO THE DAY, THAT AARON heard from Richard, and then it was in the form of a summons to the camp director, Herr Statdler's office.

Aaron hurriedly dressed and presented himself to the office not more than ten minutes after the messenger had delivered the notice.

He hesitated a moment, then knocked firmly on the door.

"Come in." He was called.

Aaron entered the large, comfortable office. The first thing that he saw was Richard, dressed resplendently in his uniform, sitting in a chair by the side of the desk.

"Aaron Giles?"

"Ja, Herr Statdler," he answered.

"Never mind the formalities, Statdler." Richard interjected. "Aaron, how are you? You look so well."

He took both of Aaron's hands in his, and stood slightly back, his eyes raking every inch of the boy's body.

"I am well. And you?"

"Wonderful, now that I've seen you again," Richard said.

They seemed to communicate everything that they felt in those first brief glances.

The director cleared his throat, bringing them back to reality.

"Well, Aaron. Have you made your decision?" Richard asked. "Will you come with me?"

The question was actually pointless, both of them knew it. Richard just wanted Aaron to say it aloud, to say the magic words that would begin their adventure.

"I have been ready for a long time, Richard," Aaron said. The words were soft and low, yet they carried their meaning with as much emphasis as if they had been shouted.

"Good. Is there anything that you wish to bring with you?" Richard picked up his gloves and cap from the desk.

"Only my clothes," Aaron said. "I have nothing else."

"Never mind those. My tailor is already preparing materials for your selection. We will leave everything here and begin your life anew," Richard said.

"Very well, Richard. Whatever you say." Aaron turned to the director. "Am I free to go?"

"If you will sign these..." the director said, holding out a piece of paper to Richard. "Nothing more than a formality. Yet one which must be observed. If you please."

Richard took the papers and the pen and, with a grandiose flourish, signed and returned the document to the director.

He held the door open for Aaron to pass through, and they both stepped out into the chill damp winter



air. At the foot of the steps a long black touring car waited, a uniformed chauffeur stood holding the door open. Like the waiters at Richard's castle, this man was also young and handsome. The expression on his face was as if he had seen this scene, or one like it, many times before.

Feeling a sense of absolute freedom for the first time since he had come to the camp, Aaron stepped into the car.

They drove rapidly through the snow-covered countryside. Aaron found it hard to believe that just a week ago he had ridden over the same road with no premonition of what that ride would lead to.

Aaron looked up and realized that Richard was watching him closely. He thought he caught a glimpse of a smile on the handsome, aristocratic face.

"What is it, Richard? Why did you smile?" he asked.

"I smiled because you are so beautiful in the sunlight," Richard said. "I have never seen you in the daytime before."

"You are also as handsome as I had remembered. It's not always like that though, is it? Especially with me. I have a tendency to build daydreams from nothing."

"Am I nothing?" Richard asked.

"No. You're more like everything. But I think I prefer you at night. Candlelight and champagne become you," Aaron said.

"You're enchanting, Aaron," Richard said, and pulled Aaron into his arms. The boy settled back, relaxing in the masculine comfort of the man.

"We shall be happy, we two," Richard commented. "Sublimely happy."

Aaron, his arm across Richard's lap, discovered that Richard had an erection and, as is generally the

case with German men, quite an evident one.

The hardness of it, pressing against Aaron's arm, caused the boy to pray that the car would speed up, to hurry them to the enchanted castle on the mountain. There was a pounding deep inside Aaron's groin, and his cock was slowly unfolding inside his trousers.

Richard sighed, and pulled Aaron even closer. His lips brushed aside Aaron's dark hair, falling like a cascading pool across his pale brow, and paused to touch the marblelike skin with a soft kiss.

Aaron glanced out the window, and he could see the dim outline of the city as the car turned off onto the mountain road.

Candlelight and champagne did become Richard. It had only been a week since Aaron had moved into the castle—just two weeks since he and Richard had first met—Aaron felt as if he would never tire of watching Richard. He would watch him as he bathed, and as he dressed. At his desk working, and as he slept.

Aaron was watching Richard now. They both sat in twin chairs, arranged in front of the fireplace in the library.

Richard was reading a novel, his long, lean legs stretched out in front of him. Aaron, curled up, was sunk deeply in a chair. Between them, on a long low coffee table, sat a copper ice bucket occupied by a crisp, sweating bottle of fine wine. Beside it on a platter were two silver goblets that, like the cigarette case Richard had given him, held a design depicting a stag pursued by a hunter, all done in polished silver.

The firelight reflected from the smooth angles and planes of Richard's face, giving the healthy copper-bronze skintones a golden glow.

Richard raised his eyes from the novel he was reading when he felt Aaron's glance, and he smiled a



deep, slow, almost sullen smile.

Aaron blushed and lowered his eyes. He still felt somewhat shy around this, his majestic, somber lover.

He felt shy, flushed, and tingling as a result of the firelight, the wine, and, more important, Richard.

Richard again turned to the book and there was no sound in the room except for the snapping noises of the fire and the occasional rustle of pages turning.

Although the hour was still early and they had just quit the dinner table, Aaron was anxious to return to the bedroom and the great bed. Even in the huge room the bed seemed gigantic, undaunted by the high ceiling and large dimensions of the room.

The bed was so high that to get into it, a small step ladder was provided at the side. Spreading protectively over the bed, a canopy dripped multicolored tapestries embroidered with scenes of the hunt. A black horseman mounted astride a plunging ebony charger had his bow drawn, and a swift arrow at ready to pierce the heart of a wild stag. The heavy-horned deer stood, one foot poised to run with furious snapping hounds at his heels.

The first night after they had lain there, spent in each other's arms, Aaron had stared up at the pagaent overhead. The colors so vivid that Aaron had cocked his head to one side, fully expecting to hear the sad, plaintive echo of muted horns in the distance.

So far their lovemaking had been somewhat cool. There was no complaint on Aaron's side; Richard was a superb lover, but there seemed to be something missing, something lacking, as if at the moment of full and complete union Richard held back.

It was as if Richard did not, or could not give of himself fully and completely.

Aaron attributed this to the fact that they were still, for the most part, strangers. They had not had the

time to build that deep and silent bond that must exist between two lovers.

It took time, this union—time, effort, and a great deal of energy to establish a rapport, and Aaron was not foolish enough to expect miracles. Aaron was not a silly romantic who expected love and perfection on the first night.

Aaron was not in love with Richard. Not yet. What he felt for the man was a sense of gratitude for having him released from the camp plus, perhaps, adoration for the sublime beauty of the man, and a dash of awe for Richard's cultured manner and exquisite tastes.

Aaron knew that, given time, he could easily fall in love with Richard. But he was sensitive and intelligent enough to realize that love must come easily and naturally. It could not be forced.

The sound of a book closing brought Aaron back from his reverie. He looked up to find Richard gazing at him, the now familiar twinkle in his eye.

The book lay closed in Richard's lap, and his fingers, those fine artistic instruments so capable of arousing desire, lay clasped over the book. Aaron reached for his goblet and, after refilling it from the bottle, came to Richard's side and sat at the man's knees. With both hands, as if the wine were an offering, Aaron passed the goblet to his lover.

Richard took it in both hands, caressingly, and, putting it to his lips, drank deeply.

He passed the goblet back to Aaron and the boy took it, turned it so that the place where Richard's lips had touched it were facing him, and also drank deeply. He then laid his head on Richard's knee and caressed the firm muscled legs.

Richard reached down, touching Aaron's dark hair—smoothing it, patting it, and pausing in his efforts to



playfully wind a soft tress of it around his fingers. The resulting curl lay on the boy's forehead like a dark shadow against the pale alabaster of Aaron's skin.

"Are you sleepy, Kleine Kino?" Richard asked, his voice like heavy sweet wine.

"No, just lazy," Aaron said. "I like touching you. I like to have you touch me."

Richard's hand slipped inside the loose tunic Aaron wore, and touched the boy's firm flesh, trailing fire as those fine fingers passed over, and caressed the tender, willing flesh.

"I adore your body. Such soft skin," Richard said. He pulled open the tunic and now his lips had replaced the area that his fingertips had quit, to move on to further fields.

Aaron was sitting up to facilitate Richard's explorations and he turned his head back as Richard's soft mouth moved up his neck, touching and nibbling.

"Your flesh is warm," Richard said and paused, his warm breath blowing softly on Aaron's neck.

"I love it when you're this way..." Aaron said, squirming.

"You arouse me this way. You do what no other man has ever been able to do before," Richard said, his breath growing hotter.

Aaron's breath was coming faster now as Richard's mouth moved in slow, hot-liquid circles on the boy's chest, touching, with tiny flicks of his tongue, the tender, swollen nipples.

Aaron moaned in ecstasy and enjoyed the way his cock had begun to twitch and throb.

"One must have a good, firm basis of knowledge," Richard whispered. "A base on which to build. You have already graduated from the school and you're ready to move on. Your direction: up!"

Standing, effortlessly lifting Aaron in his arms,

Richard stole from the study, up the broad smooth stairs, and into the huge bedchamber.

Aaron lay on the huge bed, the firelight casting pale shadows on his nude body.

Richard stood by the hearth, removing his clothing. He worked slowly so that Aaron could watch as each garment slid from his trim golden body.

"You have a marvelous body, Richard," Aaron remarked.

"I'm glad you like it. It's yours. To do with as you wish," Richard said.

"Please." Aaron watched the bulge of Richard's cock still inside his underwear. "There is much that I please," Richard said, smiling.

Aaron stretched like a cat, the light accenting the planes of his delicious body.

Richard had completed his disrobing, and he came forward to stand at the side of the bed.

"Do you like me like this?" he asked. There was a hint of teasing in his voice, now made husky by his excitement.

"I like you all ways," Aaron answered. "But this is especially nice."

Richard's cock, surrounded by much lush foliage, stood already at rigid, throbbing, soldier-like attention.

Aaron reached out to touch and caress the pale, moist velvet flesh of the tip, as if uncovering a newly born infant. He pushed back the foreskin that covered it and, moving forward, touched it gently with a kiss.

Richard gasped and strained forward as his massive organ throbbed and a tiny drop of moisture, a pearl of liquid, appeared, catching the light of the fire and reflecting it with a pale glow.

"Later I will teach you more," Richard gasped.



"But now, take me! You must! I cannot wait!" He moaned as Aaron readily moved his lips forward, devouring the hot missile of erect love.

Richard, without removing himself from Aaron's hot, liquid grasp, climbed carefully to the bed and, pushing Aaron down on his back, swung one leg over so that he was kneeling, straddling the young boy. With one hand above Aaron's head to brace himself, Richard's other hand caressed the boy's cheek, then, with a slight pressure, he stopped the movement of Aaron's head, while his hips replaced that action with a slow, circular motion. Even in his rush to climb the splended heights, Richard was a master at work.

Slowly he withdrew his rigid, pulsing flesh almost to the point of complete absence, and then, even more slowly, returned the hard shaft to the hot fiery canal of Aaron's mouth.

Suddenly, quickly, he withdrew completely and lay on his back on the bed, moving Aaron over him so that the boy's head faced the foot of the bed, his knees on either side of Richard's head. As Aaron moved down again, he felt Richard's hot silky mouth clamp on his own cock and he gasped as hot fire flooded through him.

They both moved simultaneously as the star-fire began to burst within them, and exploded into white hot ecstasy, each jetting long, throbbing streams of warm glue into the other's throat.

Later that evening Aaron awoke, nestled in Richard's arms, his sweet breath blowing against Aaron's forehead, and glanced to the tapestry above him. In the waning light from the fire, the black horseman looked even more fierce than before, and Aaron wondered why Richard was so fond of it. He had asked about it the first night he was there, as he lay waiting for Richard to join him.

"Don't you like it?" Richard had asked.

"I'm not sure," Aaron had answered. "The man has such a cruel, evil look on his face. I think I feel sorry for the stag."

"Nonsense," Richard had snorted. "There is the power and majesty of the hunt. The hunter triumphant and victorious in his strength and cunning. Even the stag has a certain strength. He's trapped, but see..." Richard had pointed to the fleeing, tawny figure. "Does he give up? No! He will fight to the finish. He will keep trying until the last breath shudders from his body. That is where the glory of it lies, in the battle of man against beast, of intelligence versus instinct."

"I presume that I do not feel as you do because I'm not a German," Aaron had said.

"You're just a child," Richard had said. "A beautiful, long-cocked, small child. You're like that deer, and I am the hunter. I will overpower and capture you." He had then pulled Aaron into his arms, holding him tightly as if he had already captured and subdued his quarry.

"Will you also destroy me, as that hunter will destroy his prey?"

"Only if you are not strong enough; only if you resist and fail to meet all the challenges of the love I lay before you. Only then will you be destroyed, and then by your own failure. But I warn you, it will take a strong animal to resist the hunter in me," Richard had said.

Any further thoughts of Aaron's had been snuffed out then and there as Richard, for the first ecstatic time, had plunged his swift and terrible sword-like cock into the warm, clinging softness of Aaron's buttocks.

"Richard? Do you believe in God?"



"In God? Are you making a joke, Aaron?"

Richard and Aaron were sitting in the library. The warm afternoon sun had just begun to discolor the draped windows across the room from them. Since the warmth of the day had dispelled any need for a fire, Aaron was laying by the hearth, using the end of a poker to stir the ashes, and making lazy patterns in the cold deadness of their debris.

"No, I'm being very serious. I believe in God. I really do," Aaron said.

"Oh? And what's he like, this God of yours?" Richard asked. "Does he sit on a white throne in heaven? And does he wear a long, flowing beard?"

"Now you're the one who's joking. I'm trying to be very serious, Richard," Aaron said. "Don't you feel the need to believe in someone or something?"

"Of course, Aaron. We all do."

"Do you believe in something?" Aaron asked.

"Myself."

"Only that?"

"What else could I believe in, Aaron?" he asked. "What else should I believe in?"

"God isn't a requisite, Richard. What is important is to find something—something that you can reach out to, hold on to, believe in. I believe in God. Other people have other dreams, but this is mine."

"Your God is a crutch to you, Aaron."

"That may be. But I do need something," Aaron said. "I couldn't have existed this far without it."

"You have me," Richard said.

"Yes, I do. But I don't love you yet, Richard. Do you expect me to?"

"You know better than that, don't you?" Richard said.

"I don't know you, Richard! I don't know you at all," Aaron said. "It takes a long time for any two people

to get together. To be with each other. You know that."

"I like being with you, Aaron. I like to look at your naked body, to hold your cock in my hand, to make love with you," Richard said. "That's what I believe in. That's all I need."

Richard moved from the chair he was sitting in to Aaron's side, joining him on the hearth rug. Aaron had abandoned the poker that he had been stirring the ashes with, and now he lay still, his head resting on Richard's shoulder. Richard moved his hands underneath the loose tunic Aaron wore, and his touch brought a warm glow, a tingling feeling that pervaded and intensified Aaron's body.

"I like being with you, Richard. I like your touch," Aaron said. "That's right. Move your hand around. I like that."

Richard complied with Aaron's request and his hand roved freely over Aaron's body, touching and caressing as it went.

Aaron slid down and moved so that he was lying on his back. He pulled Richard over him so that the man's weight rested on the boy's body.

"We don't need this," Richard remarked, as he lifted himself and removed Aaron's tunic. "It will just get in the way."

He slipped the garment clear of Aaron's body and let it slip to the floor. He then reached down and pulled his own shirt off and threw it so it joined the first garment.

The wind, coming from the open windows, was now beginning to bring a slight chill. Richard moved quickly to close the windows.

"Shall I light a fire?" he asked.

"Please. That would be nice. Yes, please do," Aaron said.

Richard moved back to the hearth and touched a



lighter to the prepared logs. The kindling caught, sending sparkles of fire against the harsh stone of the fireplace walls.

Richard returned to his position at Aaron's side, pulling the boy into his strong arms again.

"Your skin smells fresh and spicy," Richard commented. "It smells like cinnamon. Cinnamon and ginger."

He moved his mouth down Aaron's chest, playing with the flesh with his teeth and tongue. He paused at his lover's nipple that was beginning to harden and deepen in color as the blood rushed to it, sending lancelike tinglings through his warming flesh.

"Do you like this?" Richard asked. "Tell me what you like. Tell me what to do. Tell me what will make you happiest." Richard continued his exploration down into Aaron's deep navel, searching there as the boy's hip movements gave evidence to his agreeing excitement.

Richard moved between Aaron's legs, lifting them so that he could slide the tight-fitting trousers from the boy's body.

He struggled with the material as it caught at Aaron's knees, and then slid down, and over his feet.

Aaron wore no underwear, and after Richard had removed his stockings, the boy lay nude, his body shining dully in the tremulous firelight. His lean cock rose long from the hairy forest.

Aaron's dense dark hair caught the ruddy crimson glow of the blaze and echoed it in blue black softness. His eyes, usually pale green, now reflected shaded dark ivy under lazy, half-closed lids.

Seen in a group of men, Aaron would not have stood out for any special reason. He was handsome, but not extraordinarily so. It was only when you were alone with him—when you talked to him, when you studied

the beauty of his naked body, his face, and his mind, that you could even begin to sense the depths and superb perfection of a mind and body welded in refinement and grace. The pure hues of his body were but a shade lighter than the pale cream of his face.

Aaron was not overly muscular, nor was he at all effeminate. His firm, well-built body supported itself in clean symmetrical lines; a body that responded gracefully and efficiently to any command.

Aaron's mouth was soft and generous. Its ripeness a stained cherry color that curved and flowed into a natural, almost somber smile.

Aaron was not a bouncy or outgoing person, rather he was reserved and sober, but with a gentleness of character that seemed to cast a warm glow over whom-ever he was with.

Richard removed his own trousers, and rejoined Aaron on the hearth rug.

Richard was excited, and he pressed his hard erection against Aaron as he touched and brushed the boy's body with his fingertips and lips.

He slid down so that he was lying on his stomach next to Aaron, his body half covering the boy. He laid his head on Aaron's chest and the boy reached down, touching his hair, smoothing out spun gold hairs that felt as soft and fine as a baby's.

His fingertips moved down, caressing the finely carved planes of Richard's face, the contours that lay half in flickering shadow against Aaron's flesh. With one finger he traced the fine outline of his lover's lips. Richard parted his mouth slightly so that the boy could feel the inner softness of his lips and gums.

Richard's firm white teeth moved lightly down on Aaron's fingertip, squeezing it, tenderly nibbling it.

As if Richard were a teething baby, he moved forward on the boy's finger, taking it entirely in his hot,



wet mouth, the suction of it, as he moved, making Aaron's flesh tingle and his cock twitch and throb.

"I like that too, Richard," Aaron said. "I like everything that you do to me. Do you know where I especially like to be kissed?"

"No, where?" Richard looked up, smiling at Aaron.

"Right here. Under my arm." Taking Richard's hand, Aaron guided the man to the tender portion of flesh located just under his armpit. Richard moved his mouth to that place and continued his investigations of the boy's body, running one hand through his dark bush, rubbing back and forth.

Aaron brought his knee up so that it pushed against Richard's erect flesh, causing him to moan and bite down.

"Ouch! Ouch! Ummm," Aaron murmured.

Richard moved again to Aaron's nipple, taking the erect flesh between his teeth in a slow, chewing motion. A groan escaped from Aaron as the hotness of Richard's mouth moved down on him. The man had swung his body up and onto Aaron's, the heavy weight of him making the boy secure and comfortable in its embrace.

He had quit the boy's body, and now moved to his lips, delving into its smooth richness with his elongating tongue.

Just then a charred log in the fireplace crackled and fell, scattering sparks on the rug where they lay. Aaron leaped up to extinguish them, and Richard went to the fire, restacking it and adding more logs.

Aaron was on his knees, patting out the bright dots of light, and Richard moved up behind him.

"Richard! What are you doing?" Aaron said, and giggled as Richard held him tighter. Slowly and surely, fat inch by inch, Richard was moving inside Aaron's dark, fiery canal.

"Only animals do it this way, Richard," Aaron said, pushing back against Richard's groin.

"Okay, I'm an animal. A big grizzly bear. Aargh," Richard said, and wrapped his arms even more tightly around the boy, and as his hips moved against Aaron, pushing in more solidly, his mouth worked busily on the boy's neck.

"Well listen, big grizzly bear. You're kind of heavy this way. I can't hold you up!" Aaron said.

"I bet you could if you tried," Richard murmured, his mouth and hips still busy.

He moved away for a brief second, adjusting himself, and then moved back, plunging softly and swiftly to the hilt into Aaron.

Aaron moaned and seemed to buckle, then steadied himself, his arms and legs planted far apart.

"You know what? I think I can too," Aaron said.

Richard moved, plunging on. Each vast, swordlike thrust met by a slow revolution of Aaron's hips as they aped on to the moment of exaltation.

Their movements and labors superseded Aaron's fortitude, and he collapsed to the floor carrying Richard with him.

They remained there, still moving with the final crisis of sensation bursting upon them in hot-star flashes.

They rested a moment, and then Richard slowly and carefully withdrew his softening flesh from the clinging sheath. He turned on his side and gathered Aaron into his arms.

"You realize that this is the third time today, don't you?" he asked, his breathing still coming in labored bursts.

"Fourth for me," Aaron said. And then, at Richard's quizzical look: "Remember this morning? I had two to your one."



"Your getting pretty cocky, aren't you?" Richard asked, brushing Aaron's forehead with his lips.

"I'll ignore the obvious repartee to that question, and bring to light the fact that you're the cause of it all. You realize that don't you?"

"You do help," Richard said.

"With you most of the time the only thing I can do is hold on and ride out the storm," Aaron rejoined.

"I don't hear any complaints," Richard said.

"You're hearing one right now." Aaron rolled onto Richard, straddling the man's body with his legs. He lifted his lips to Richard's.

"Have you ever had anyone kiss you and talk to you at the same time?" he asked.

"Umm huh."

"Oh? And what did they say?" Aaron asked.

"Mumble, mumble." Richard mumbled as their lips ground together.

"Mumble mumble?"

Richard broke away gasping for breath. He suddenly realized what all the squirming and wriggling about that Aaron was doing meant.

"Oh, Aaron. Not again! I'm tired! I can't!"

There was a long silence in the room, and then, from Richard: "I can't? All right! I can. You're making me get another hard on."

Aaron stared at the tapestry above the bed. The figures seemed frozen, almost guilty, as if caught in the midst of some cruel act and exposed by the sunlight. Aaron now began to see in it some of the fury of beauty that Richard read into it.

He realized this as would someone who, in reading of the sadistic acts of the Marquis de Sade, would recognize, in that character, those qualities of evil, and yet sympathize with the inability of that person

to right those perversions, or to correct that state of mind.

Several times Richard had hinted at something. That something being some sort of act beyond the realm of Aaron's experience. So far there was nothing concrete in the subtle clues he seemed to be offering. Nothing but vague abstractions would he pass on to Aaron, abstractions that gave Aaron no basis on which to discover the full and complete extent of Richard's desires.

Not that Aaron's experience was in any way limited, actually it was the reverse. During his sojourn at the camp, Aaron had participated in just about every act within the limits of man's physical capabilities. He had been asked, and more than once forced, to commit acts far and above the realm of sexual norms.

He was puzzled as to what Richard could possibly be contemplating. What possible act could be left for them to discover? What avenue was left open to them?

Aaron looked down at Richard's sleeping form beside him, cuddled in his arms. The smoothness of the man's unmarked brow, and his pale eyelashes, gold against the darker gold of his skin, seemed to soften the cruel white scar that coursed across his cheek.

Richard's breath on Aaron's arm was warm and soft, and Aaron stared at this majestic being as if he were some unearthly god who had chosen to surrender himself to Aaron for a night of Ambrosial ecstasies.

How long he lay there, marveling at the perfection of Richard's body, he had no idea. At last Richard awoke, moaned as if he disliked leaving some perfect dream, and looked up at the boy. Aaron pulled him close, like a protective shepherd watching over his charge.

"You're a beautiful man," Aaron said simply, leaning down to touch Richard's eyes with a kiss. Richard



smiled softly and stretched slightly, moving in Aaron's arms, but not withdrawing.

"You're so delicate," Richard said, caressing the back of Aaron's neck with his hand. "You remind me, more and more each night, of the tapestry." Both of their heads swept up toward the scene of the hunt above them.

"And more and more each night I remind myself of the hunger ready to pounce," he continued. Again the remark and puzzling reference to the hunter and the hunted. Aaron looked down at him again, the question dancing in his eyes.

"You wish to pounce on me?" Aaron asked.

"Like a snarling, terrible hunter. To love you savagely and completely. I wish to pour my soul and substance into you," Richard said.

"I have taken you as completely as I am capable of doing," Aaron said. "Is there something more? Something I'm not doing right? Something of which I have no knowledge?"

"But of course. You have not yet surrendered. Not completely—mind, body, and soul." Richard said. "You have not yet tasted of the delights of master and slave. You have not yet known the joy and completeness of the subdued and the conqueror."

"But this is what I was freed from the camp for. There I was slave to many masters. Have I escaped only to be compromised, by you this time?" Aaron asked.

"This is a different matter. There you were forced to perform. Here it is you and I. We together, freely and willingly. We shall be one single being. You, the timid essence, dissolved in me, the greater, more powerful spirit. We shall be, together, one."

"But is this love?" Aaron asked. "I have always imagined it to be like two candles—each separate and

equal in substance, but when their flames are mingled, creating one greater and more lovely light."

Richard looked at him, his gaze piercing deeply, as those vivid blue orbs transfixed Aaron's own.

"To some, I suppose it is," he said. "But only those too weak to love properly and correctly, as I shall teach you to do."

"But..." Aaron began, but was quickly silenced by Richard's finger on his lips.

"Two, weak, dependent essences cannot hope to create a perfect and powerful love. Don't you see that? Only when a dominate and subordinate merge—each gaining and transferring at the same time—and in that fusion becoming one, can love exist," Richard said. "You must learn to dissolve entirely within me so that we two can create the 'oneness' of love. You must and will learn to do this. Perhaps it does not seem exceptionally attractive now, but when the summit is reached, when we have grown together, you will see how foolish your fears are." His eyes seemed to penetrate even more deeply into Aaron and, as he reached up and pulled Aaron to him, he whispered: "Trust me, Aaron. Trust me."

The terrible passion that he created for Aaron was not one to be easily resisted and, despite Aaron's fears, he was soon swept up in a torrid grasp of pleasure and desire for the strange and incomprehensible man, who, even now, began to devour and annihilate that which was the soul and substance of Aaron.

Aaron slid down onto his back and pulled Richard to him, unable to resist his massive erection. He raised his knees and, grasping Richard's waist tightly with his thighs, Aaron sought and found the weapon of absolute and exquisite power that Richard held ready and throbbing for him. Transferring spit from his mouth, Aaron coated the whole pulsating length of the massive



saber.

Slowly and carefully Aaron raised his body even more, and with the sure touch and eagerness of passion, guided the heat of the weapon snugly inside its berth. Richard paused, barely touching the boy, scarcely breathing, like a swimmer on the high diving board readying himself for the plunge. Aaron gasped, and then drew out his breath in a long ragged sigh as he pushed upward, and Richard bore down; driving himself in, slow inch by long inch, up to the hilt in one swift, fantastic motion. His balls hung down behind Aaron and Aaron's own rigid tool cut into his belly. Their hair intermingled and cut at each other. The meeting, the hot juncture of flesh midst flesh, brought scalding cries from both of them.

They lay entwined for a long moment, straining hard against the other, not daring to move for fear that the world would explode and destroy them.

They lay entwined for a long moment, straining hard against the other, not daring to move for fear that the world would explode and destroy them. Then Aaron, unable to endure the exquisite sensations any longer, withdrew his hips slightly, forcing Richard to loosen his tenacious grasp ever so slightly. Aaron rushed forward again, breathing a heart rending sigh at the fabulous sliding torture. Time and time again they retreated, only to charge anew like two ripping, thrusting animals engaged in a deathlock. The sounds of their lovemaking, their mating, sounded and echoed in the great room, filling it with the wild cries of the forests that stretched around them.

Finally the moment of absolute truth came, and Richard could no longer contain the awesome power he felt boiling inside and, with a final and fatal cry of ecstasy, lunged forward, grinding and crushing against Aaron, spilling the seeds of passion into Aaron's ripe,

tight-gripping, willing body. Aaron's own hot release streaked up across Richard's chest and under his sweat-coated chin.

After the agonizing power of his passion had somewhat subsided, Richard slowly broke the flesh bond by gently pulling his still firm flesh free of Aaron's, and moved from the bed to the portmanteau. Opening a drawer in its side, he withdrew a black, hard-looking object. Aaron, propped up on his elbows, gazed at the object with eyes still blurred from the recent torrent of passion.

Richard advanced to the bed, the object held down and pressed close to his side so that Aaron could not be sure of what it was.

Richard regained the bed and, placing the object on the far side of him, away from Aaron, resumed the interrupted love-making.

His vigor renewed and obvious by his rapidly extending erection brought on by Richard's continued adroit ministrations, Aaron pushed aside his curiosity about the object and began the long deep slide back into the oblivion of flesh passion.

Richard again lay flat on his back and moved Aaron over him, urging the boy's mouth to its rightful place over his bush golden crotch. Aaron eagerly claimed the position and moved down, sliding his lips over the flesh that had once more become rigid and engorged, and now quivering against his vibrating tongue.

As Aaron moved up and down on Richard's hard flesh, he could feel the man's hot mouth moving up his thighs further and further to tenant the feverishly demanding counterpart of his own desire.

As he moved upon Richard, and felt Richard's hot tongue move closer and closer to the apex, to the summit, he also felt the tiny, almost imperceptible feeling of warning, as though Richard were preparing to ad-



vance and enter him again. Aaron slowed, puzzled. He held Richard's throbbing manhood in his mouth, how could Richard be entering...?

He gasped and broke from Richard's flesh as he remembered the mysterious object Richard had brought back to the bed with him.

Aaron looked quickly up, and saw, and felt at the same time, the entrance, the violation of his body with some foreign object.

Richard lay, his mouth still tightly grasping Aaron's lean, rigid spear, while his hand, busy holding the handle of a huge black whip, prepared to plunge it into Aaron's body.

"Richard! What...?" He broke off as Richard dis-entangled himself and pulled Aaron around so that they lay face to face.

"Don't be afraid. This is the beginning. The beginning for us. The start of our ecstasies. This is for us," Richard said.

"I don't know," Aaron began, dubiously. "I have never done anything like this before."

"Yes. I know. I will guide you. I will help you to find the way. Trust me, beloved," Richard said.

Richard sealed Aaron's mouth with his lips and pulled him closer so that their bodies lay fused together, their still rigid rods nestled tightly in the rasping bush of the other, overlaying each other.

He moved Aaron on top of him and, inserting his legs between Aaron's knees, brought them up and apart, so that Aaron half lay, half kneeled above him. Again Aaron felt the sly insinuation of the hard whip handle at the entrance to his body, and he stiffened slightly against the violation. Richard held him tighter, one arm wrapped around the boy while the other hand guided, and held steady the whip. Richard broke contact with his lips.

"It is ready to begin. The final step. Hold with me," he gasped. "Hold with me, and relax."

Despite Richard's admonitions, Aaron found it impossible to relax entirely, and he felt himself stiffening again.

"Relax!" The order, a command of such force and ferocity, caused Aaron to lay upon Richard, stunned, as the instrument of terror began its fearful course of action.

Deeper and deeper it plunged. At first the sensation was almost pleasurable and, as it neared the point of accustomed depth, Aaron could not refrain from a start of pleasure.

Still deeper it went, and a stinging, uncomfortable pain began deep within him.

His lips and mouth, filled with Richard's tongue, mumbled and pleaded, begged for Richard to stop. His cries went unheeded.

Gone now was any vestige of gentleness or tenderness from the perpetrator of the invasion.

Gone now was the familiar sense of security Aaron had found with Richard.

The world was now composed of pain—white hot, searing pain, that seemed to develop from the very quick of Aaron's body and rose like some vast crimson tide.

The ebb and flow of it, star-hot as it grew, filled his body, the room, the forest, until it filled the universe.

Still it moved. Its profound abysmal presence grinding and tearing at Aaron's flesh, bringing forth a scarlet fountain that coursed from his body and dribbled over Richard's hungry cock, matting his golden hair.

At the ultimate moment, when the pit opened and the darkness began to flow forth, Aaron felt the mon-



strous handle begin to subside and become withdrawn, only to be replaced with the smaller, but equal deadliness of Richard's blood-covered saber.

The final star of pain flickered and dimmed as Aaron passed over the precious threshold of darkness.

The last thing he heard was the roaring gasp at the moment of Richard's release, and then...nothingness.

## 6

AARON LAY AWAKE FOR A MOMENT IN THE SUN-washed room before the flood of pain again washed through him, and he passed out once more.

Again he awoke, and now the pattern of light on the floor told him that it was late afternoon. He turned his head and saw that he was alone in the room.

Sometime during the night, or perhaps even that morning, someone had changed the sheets, and the scarlet evidence of the night of horror had been removed.

As he shifted slightly on the bed, even through the pain numbing curtain, Aaron felt an unaccustomed bulkiness around the lower part of his body.

He reached down and felt the thickness of bandages wrapped around his waist and passing between his legs.

He tried to think, to remember, and then realized that he must be drugged or that the pain of the night must have affected his mind.

His thoughts were sluggish and uncontrollable. He

sat up suddenly, remembering. He fell back again as the now familiar blackness clamped down upon him.

Aaron awoke, this time to the darkness of evening. Still the room was empty. There was no sign of Richard. This man was such a forceful character that when he left a room, even one as magnificent as this one, it was as if here a sponge that soaked up all personality and left the room bare and empty.

The door opened quietly and Aaron started, thinking it was Richard. But then, seeing that it was a young lieutenant, he relaxed, lying back again on the deep pillows.

"I see you are awake. Good. You are to take this medication," he said. The man bore a small silver platter with a tablet, a silver goblet, and a matching silver pitcher of water.

The lieutenant set the tray on the bedside table after offering Aaron the tablet, and poured water from the pitcher into the goblet. He then offered the water to the boy, who took the pill and washed it down with the liquid from the cup.

"Thank you." Aaron's voice was weak and it sounded distant and faint in the vastness of the room.

The lieutenant backed to the door after replacing the goblet on the tray.

"Is there anything you wish?" he asked. His voice seemed cold and also distant. "I have been instructed to serve you."

"No," Aaron answered. "Yes. Where is the commander?"

"He left his regrets that he has been unavoidably detained in the city. He will return at the end of the week," he said.

"I see." Relief flooded through Aaron's voice. He would not have to face Richard for an entire week.



"Thank you," he said. He smiled at the lieutenant who was waiting somewhat impatiently at the door.

"Will there be anything else?" he asked.

"No. That's all. Thank you," Aaron said.

The man bowed stiffly from the waist, and left, shutting the door quietly behind him.

Aaron lay back on the bed, a myriad of confused, vague thoughts whirling through his brain as he could feel the sedative begin to take effect.

What was this horrible monster that Richard had become, or, more correctly, had shown himself to be?

What fearful malignant disease preyed upon his mind and soul?

What was this thing, this act he had committed?

In the duration of his stay at the pleasure camp, Aaron had become acquainted with many varied and eloquent perversions, but never one quite like this.

What Aaron had first felt for Richard had been a clean and pure love of man for man, not a perversion of slave and master such as Richard desired.

To most people, Aaron realized, homosexuality was a horrible, immoral crime; but for those who knew it as it really was, in its pure form, it was a good and clean thing. It was a wholesome, moral relationship between two men who preferred their own sex rather than someone of the opposite gender.

But this thing, this disease that had somehow insinuated its way into Richard's being, was perversion. A perversion of the deepest and most horrible caliber.

The familiar waves of darkness began washing through him as the drug continued its effects. The room blurred and he fell into a deep sleep, trying to shut out all thoughts of Richard and the whip.

He was standing alone, high on a hill—a tiny peak above the clouds. Black and gray mists bubbled and

boiled beneath him, heaving and pulsing, lapping higher, to escape the advancing fog. There was nowhere to go. He stood precariously, trying to reach up as if to find a handhold somewhere above him. There was nothing but the hill and the awesome mist. There were no sounds. No sounds of animals or breezes.

There were no wild bird's cries.

There was nothing to shatter the oppressive silence.

Aaron clawed his way to the very summit of the hill and pulled his body together in a tight ball, trying to avoid the black mists which crept higher.

Then suddenly he heard it. A high thing, a wailing, someone crying out. He was not alone!

The sound did not begin. It was as if it had always been there, but only now had Aaron been allowed to hear it...

Frantically he peered around him, trying to find the source of the sound. He looked down and the mists slowly parted, giving forth a glimpse of something far below, something that was rising rapidly, advancing toward him.

The sound, the cry, grew louder, but it was not coming from the object below. It was all around him.

Fascinated, Aaron stared down as the thing grew larger and larger until, with a violent start, he realized what it was! A huge black whip, coiling and uncoiling like some great fearful snake. From its head, scarlet blood dripped and dripped.

Suddenly Aaron realized where the sound was coming from. It was from his own throat, a wild high, terrible cry.

"Herr Giles! Herr Giles! Wake up!"

Aaron woke with a start. The lieutenant was looking down at him, his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Wake up," he repeated. "You're dreaming."

Aaron fought his way back from the mists of uncon-



scious sleep to look up at the man.

"I'm awake now," Aaron said.

He blinked his eyes rapidly several times in succession. The image of the man swam and blurred, and then came sharply into view.

"Is there something I can do to help you?" he inquired, a somewhat worried look on his face.

"Yes. Are there more sedatives? No. Never mind. It fogs the mind. I want to be awake to taste the fruits of my labors," Aaron replied, bitterly. He turned his face away so that the man could not see the hot tears that had sprung quickly to his eyes.

When he moved, the pain coursed through him, and he bit his lip to keep from crying out. His hand moved instinctively to the source of the pain.

The lieutenant pulled back the coverlet and uttered a choked oath as he saw the crimson stain blossoming over the bulky bandages as Aaron began to hemorrhage again.

He backed away, breaking off a second oath, and ran from the room.

Now that he was gone, Aaron allowed himself the luxury of a scream and then, feeling his tenuous grip loosen once more, relaxed completely, and let the darkness claim him again.

This time, instead of screams, Aaron heard voices—low and muttering, and he struggled up, trying to hear what they were saying.

"What in the name of God happened to him, Doctor?"

"Now, now. Lie back down!" A second voice said, and firm hands on his shoulders pushed Aaron deeply back to the pillows once more.

"This is one of Herr Commander's favorite little pastimes, Lieutenant. Look well. I doubt if you will ever see it's like again."

The darkness was closing in again, and Aaron felt, rather than heard the sounds of the voices as they seemed to float over him, disembodied and sepulchral.

"What...? How...?"

"A blunt instrument inserted in the anal passage, Lieutenant. A simple operation, but difficult to repair."

"But why...?"

"One of the more rare homosexual acts. But one the commander seems to prefer above all else."

"I knew he was...well, one of those, but I had no idea that..."

The voices seemed to break off and float away as Aaron sank down into darkness yet again.

The moment Aaron awoke, the lieutenant was at his side. "You're feeling much better. I can tell," he said. The bed had again been changed and Aaron, looking up, wondered if the lieutenant had done it.

"Yes. I feel much better, thank you," Aaron said.

"Good. We were worried for a while."

Aaron suddenly sat up, wincing, even though the pain had lessened somewhat.

"What day is it?" he asked. He had remembered that the commander was due back at the end of the week.

"Saturday," the lieutenant answered. "But you needn't worry. The commander sent word that he will be delayed another week."

Aaron heaved a sigh of relief and settled back again.

He looked at the man, wondering what, or how much, the commander had told him. He wondered just how much the lieutenant knew.

He had already seen that the group could not claim the man as a member, and he could only remember bits and pieces of the lieutenant's conversation with the doctor.



The man's returned gaze gave evidence of what he knew, and now the original coldness of his manner had returned. He stood waiting now like a well-trained servant.

"Would you like me to shave you before breakfast?" he inquired, the brusqueness evident in his voice.

"No thank you," Aaron said.

There was a tone of authority in the man's voice. He left the room, only to return a few minutes later with a basin of tepid water and shaving instruments. He put a clean towel around Aaron's shoulders and, sitting on the edge of the bed, applied hot lather to the boy's face. With quick, deft movements of the shining blade, he began to shave Aaron.

Later, the lieutenant brought in a tray of breakfast and stood by, watching, while Aaron greedily attacked the food.

After leaving several novels on the bedstand, the lieutenant excused himself and left the room, leaving Aaron alone to contemplate what the future would hold.

He had thought that his release from the camp was the answer, that his future lay with Richard. Now he could see how horribly wrong he had been. The solution of, and to, his problem, did not lay with Richard.

After that last brutal night, he could not allow himself to be used and violated in such a perverse way.

He felt that somehow he was very lucky in the fact that he did not die; that he did not hemorrhage to death.

Where would he go, then?

How would he survive?

If he left Richard, the authorities would be after him immediately.

How could a young Jewish boy expect to survive in a country that was slaughtering Jews by the millions?

With a great mental effort to push the problem from his mind, he picked up one of the books and tried to read, but the ugly problem kept pushing the words aside, scrambling and mixing them so that they made no sense.

Promptly, as the huge clock in the hall struck twelve, the lieutenant reappeared in the doorway and, politely but distantly, asked what Aaron would require for luncheon.

"Nothing but some hot coffee, please, and your company if it is possible," Aaron said.

"Of course. If you wish." The man answered and, turning, left the room.

He returned presently with a bed tray, coffee and sandwiches. He set up the tray for Aaron.

"The doctor ordered the sandwiches. It is good for you to eat if you wish to regain your strength," he said.

"Thank you. It was very kind of the doctor to suggest it."

The lieutenant motioned to a chair by the fireplace. "May I?" he asked.

"Of course," Aaron replied.

He drew the chair up to the side of the bed and sat, after pouring the coffee for Aaron.

"You're not a servant here?" Aaron asked, indicating the man's uniform.

"No. I'm a secretary assigned to the commander's command to help with certain reports and files," he said.

"Then why are you taking care of me? I wasn't aware that a secretary's duties included nursing invalids back to health," Aaron said.

"No. But I was ordered to by the commander."

"I see." Aaron raised the cup to his lips and took a deep draft of the steaming black liquid. It burned his tongue but he was grateful for the stimulus it gave.



"You sound annoyed by the order. I don't blame you. It can't be much fun for you." Aaron deliberately lingered over the word *fun* to see what the reaction would be.

The man carefully avoided comment. Instead he steered the conversation, such as it was, to other fields.

"Would you care to spend the afternoon on the terrace? The sun is warm and quite pleasant."

"That would be nice. Do you think the doctor would mind?" Aaron asked.

"On the contrary. It was he who suggested it."

"The doctor is very kind."

"He is, of course, concerned about your health," he said.

"And you?" Aaron inquired. The innocent beauty of the man intrigued him. Even though he was obviously three or four years older than Aaron, he seemed much younger by comparison.

"Yes. Of course I am concerned. It's my duty to see that you are well. If you will excuse me now, I have some work to do. If you agree, I will return for you in an hour."

"Yes. Thank you."

The lieutenant returned later that afternoon, this time pushing before him a large wheel chair equipped with foot and head rests.

It was one of those surprising winter afternoons when the mists clear and the sun shines warmly through the windows.

Thanks to a barbituate the lieutenant had given him, Aaron could sit erect in the wheel chair with a minimum of pain.

In his lap, a novella lay open, unheeded. Aaron's eyes, instead, passed slowly over the vast panorama of the

trees, high ivory-stained mountains that rose and fell in soft undulations, and the warm green fringe of pines that lined the horizon.

The lieutenant sat next to him in a high backed chair, a book also open in his lap. There was no sound save for the occasional rustle of paper as the man turned a page, and now and then, the call of some bird as it fled, darting and whirling, through the sky.

"I don't even know your name," Aaron said.

"Pardon?" The lieutenant looked up from his book.

"Your name. I don't even know your name." Aaron looked straight ahead, his eyes flickering over the tree tops.

"Oh! Lieutenant Breken. Peter Breken," he said.

"I'm glad you told me. I should have hated to keep calling you 'Lieutenant'. It sounds so formal. Yes—I like Peter much better," Aaron said. "Tell me, do you always do what the commander tells you to do?"

There was a veiled suggestion in the low voice and half closed eyes. A suggestion that passed over the man's head.

"Yes. Of course. He is my superior," Peter replied.

"All a matter of opinion."

"Pardon?"

"Nothing. Nothing." Aaron said. "Tell me, how is the war going? Germany is victorious, of course."

"Certainly. Our armies are advancing on all sides. Russia is certain to fall at any time," Peter said.

Aaron removed his eyes from the verdant glory below to stare curiously at the man.

"You believe that, don't you?" His voice was filled with wonder.

"Of course. The communiques from..."

"Nonsense!" Aaron cut in, and then, changing the subject, "Did you know that I was Jewish?"



"Juden?" The word burst from Peter's throat, and he half rose from the chair, dropping the book.

"Sit Peter. My name is Aaron."

Peter regained his seat and stared at Aaron, puzzlement in his pale green eyes.

"But your name...Giles...?" Peter began.

"My mother was German. My father Jewish."

"But you're a guest," he hesitated on the word, "a guest of the commander's."

"Do you think that the commander follows his orders?" Aaron said. "Your superior, I'm afraid, has other interests, above and beyond his duty to the Third Reich. An interest that supersedes any order from the Fuehrer."

"Yes. I should have realized that," Peter said. "I was a witness to the results of his weakness the other night."

"What? Oh yes, that!" Aaron said, remembering that Peter had been with the doctor when the dressings had been changed.

"You should disgust me," Peter said simply, avoiding Aaron's inquisitive eyes.

"Because I'm a Jew?"

"That, partially. But mostly because of that in there." He pointed through the open double doors to the bedroom. "Do you like it? Do you like to be hurt? I don't understand..."

Aaron smiled, somewhat bitterly, at the innocence of the man.

"It's not all like that. I don't like to be hurt," he said. "Believe me, if I had known what was going to happen, I wouldn't have..." Aaron broke off. If he had known what was going to happen, what would he have done? Stayed at the camp? What?

"But still you have...you have relations with men," Peter said. The statement was flat, as though he were

trying to avoid a moral judgment, preferring to depend, instead, on emotionless words.

"Yes." Aaron's voice seemed tired, and the pain was beginning to make its presence known again. "Yes. I do have sexual relations with men. I have had relations with many men. Hundreds of them. I have done all the horrible, despicable things that you could ever possibly imagine! I have done things that you could never conceive of..."

His voice grew, straining; almost to the point of breaking. "I was raped once. Raped! By a dozen soldiers just like you! They ripped off my clothing and threw themselves down on me like animals!" He half rose from his chair, his arms supporting him. The pain was flooding back, but he was determined to finish; to tell the righteous young innocent who dared to look down on him, exactly how it felt to be used.

"Then! Because! I! Was! A! Jew! Because I am a Jew! I was thrown into a camp to be used like a common whore to satisfy men like you! I was nothing but a wastebasket for them to pour their slime into." His voice rose even more, and he pushed away the arms that tried to restrain him. His voice again fell to a whisper, a strained, harsh, ugly sound. "Men just like you—the master race!"

His fists raised, he started to take a step forward, to pound and pummel, to release the rage that boiled within him. He got only a few steps, and then collapsed into those very arms that he had sought to bruise.

"Truce?" The words penetrated through the blackness, and Aaron opened his eyes to find himself in bed again. Peter stood over him, a tone of pleading in his eyes and voice.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said what I did."

"Well." Aaron answered, somewhat bitterly. "What,



may I ask, brought on this change of heart?"

"The commander has a full report on you. From the day you were born. I know everything now. About your mother and father, the camp—everything."

"Oh!" Aaron closed his eyes again, shutting them tightly. "I'm not sorry. The time for that is over. I've been through too much. I don't want to feel sorry for myself anymore. I just want to live," he said.

"I thought, when I first came here, how lucky you were." The lieutenant moved to the window, looking out, but not really seeing. "I mean...well, I had no idea who you were, or what..." He had meant to say "what you were," but changed his mind as he realized the tactlessness of the phrase. "...or what your position was here. All this magnificence." He indicated the room and the castle with a wave of his hand.

"All of this...you looked as if you belonged here, as if you and this were one. I wished that I were you, that I was the one dressed in soft linen and that I could walk through a room filled with beauty as if it were my birthright.

"You saw me?" Aaron indicated the bed. "Before this?"

"Since the first day you came here."

"And now that you know. Does that change anything?" Aaron asked.

"Of course. Surely you can't expect me to approve?"

"No, I can't. A year ago I wouldn't have approved," Aaron said. "How could I possibly expect someone who knows nothing about it to understand?"

"Do you want me to understand?" *You're not evil.*

"Everyone wants to be respected. I don't want you to hate me." *I'm not any different than you.*

"I know nothing of your world." *You frighten me.*

"It's not as different as you think." *I frighten you?*

"Why?" *Why?*

"Why am I like this?" *You're so young and innocent. I'm not sure. I don't think anyone knows exactly why.*

"Were you always like this?" *You're so young and innocent.*

"I'm not sure. I never thought about it." *Could I ever love you, I wonder?*

"How can a man love another man?" *How can a man love another man?*

"You would have to be one of us to understand." *Could you be one of us?*

"Is what he did to you—love?" *If you love someone, can you hurt them?*

"He feels that it's love." *Not for me, Peter. Not for me. Can't you see that?*

"Do you love him?" *No. You don't. I can see it in your eyes.*

"I thought I did once!" *No!*

"No longer?" *No!*

"No."

Abruptly the lieutenant's manner changed. "I must return to my work," he said.

"Of course, Peter."

He walked to the door that led from the terrace into the bedroom. "I'll look in on you again later."

"Perhaps you could dine with me?" Aaron asked.

"Perhaps." Peter left the room.

"The Commander has quite an extensive library."

Aaron opened his eyes, squinting in the sunlight. He was lying on a lounge on the terrace, nude except for a towel lying loosely across his crotch. The two-week absence of the commander had become three weeks, and still the man hadn't returned. A fact that Aaron was taking full advantage of. In Richard's absence, Aaron was the lord of the castle. The servants and staff, including Peter Breken, had been instructed to



serve, and fulfill, Aaron's every wish.

Aaron had everything and more. What other young boy could boast of a castle and a man like Peter? He also had command of the young and handsome servants who heeded his every desire. Yes! That too!

Peter had grown very fond of Aaron in the few weeks they had been together. He had tried to understand Aaron. He knew that he should be disgusted and revolted by what the young man did, and was. But in a friendship there are conditions, and suppositions that are rendered invalid by that very camaraderie. Such were the circumstances of their growing mutual bond.

Aaron also realized that part of his feeling for Peter delt with sex. He was sure that Peter also knew that Aaron felt that way about him. But, since Aaron was careful to avoid mention, or indication of it, it remained in the background, unspoken like a dark shadow on the horizon.

"Quite." Aaron replied.

"I've been reading."

"And?"

"I've been reading quite a lot about..."

"Yes?" Say it Peter. Say the word, Aaron thought.

"Homosexuals. People like you."

"And what conclusions have you reached? If any?"

"I'm not sure. Everything I've read is really very vague," Peter said. "It's there, yes, but it's terribly cold and clinical, like a medical report. What you must feel, and how you think, isn't something that can be recorded."

"That's true. The reports and journals are detached from emotion. There were descriptions of the acts?"

"Yes. Quite vivid ones."

"What did you think of them?" Aaron asked.

"They're not too different from the things that nor-

mal people do."

"No. They're not."

"There are things that I don't understand," Peter said. He was definitely blushing. Aaron could actually see the line of color spreading over his face.

"Such as...?" There was a touch of amusement in Aaron's voice as he watched Peter.

"Well...how...how do you? I mean...when a man...?"

"I'm not sure that I understand you," Aaron said.

"I'm not putting it very well, am I?" Peter said.

Aaron shook his head negatively. It was all he could do to keep from smiling.

"When a man is with a woman...together...making love," Peter said. "They both reach a...well—"

"Is it possible for two men to reach a climax at the same time? Is that what you're trying to say?" Aaron said.

"Yes. That's it. I mean how...how can they...well—how?"

"With mutual oral-genital contact the answer is obvious. I presume that you mean anal-genital contact. Am I correct?"

Peter nodded.

"It's a simple explanation. One of the major causes of the climax in males is due to friction on and around the prostate gland. The major part of that organ is located within the anal canal. When friction is used on it, it creates the condition of climax, and both partners may reach this condition, through restraint and mutual consent naturally, at the same time. The active partner in the normal way, and the passive partner in this way."

"I understand that. What is this passive and active? I don't know the terms as they're used in this context." Peter said.

"Simple enough. Passive refers to that person who



takes the inactive part, and the active is...no. That's not quite correct. Let me put it this way: One of the men takes the man's part, the other takes the woman's part. No that's not even right. I must admit that you have me at a loss for words. I've never really tried to explain it before."

"I think I understand what you mean. But what he does," Peter jerked a thumb toward the castle and changed the subject, "That's perversion, but what you do isn't?"

"Perversion, Peter, is like beauty; it exists in the eye of the beholder. I prefer making love to having sex. Call it what you will."

"I think my mother would have liked you, Aaron."

"Even if she had known?"

"You dwell on that too much."

"Yes, I suppose I do."

"You let it dominate your thinking. Why?" Peter asked.

"I suppose it's because I'm still searching."

"For a lover?"

"For someone to love."

Aaron stepped back from the fireplace. The weather had again grown chilly. The few brief, lazy days of Indian summer had gone, pushed back by the lead gray skies that now threatened snow.

"You've never been in love before?"

"No. Never." Aaron poured a glass of wine for himself and one for Peter. "I thought once that I might be starting to. But it didn't work out."

"With Richard?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

"How did you know?"

"It showed in your eyes."

"But you said that you didn't know about me before."

"I didn't. But there was something in your eyes. Sort of a glow. I think I'm beginning to see what you mean now. I guess it doesn't really matter whether you love a man or a woman, but to love someone. That's what's important! To love someone!"

A servant entered the room with a long polelight to light the candles in the chandelier overhead. Aaron motioned him away. The light from the fireplace was more romantic and pleasant. A vague pale light from the western sky left a glow on the windows that lined the side of the library.

"Love is an important and vital thing in life. Perhaps the most vital and important thing. But one must decide. To vacillate between the two sexes is not good. I've seen men like that—torn, not knowing which to choose. They're pathetic in their indecision."

Aaron stretched out on the rug on the hearth, his young face warm and glowing in the flickering light.

Peter moved suddenly, as if a thought had occurred to him. Aaron looked up, questioningly.

"Do you think I'm like that?" Peter asked. "Trying to decide between men and women?" *Not between men and women, Aaron, but between women and you.*

"No, Peter," Aaron said and, stood, walking to the chair, kneeling beside Peter as he had kneeled before Richard. "No, Peter. Not for you. For you there is no question. It's all been decided. You know that, don't you, Peter?" *You love me, Peter! You love me! Admit it!*

Peter took a deep breath, his face flushed. He started forward, taking Peter in his arms, roughly, clumsily. His lips met Aaron's and held for a long moment. It was not a passionate nor all-consuming kiss. It was a seeking, a testing, an asking kiss. Aaron replied in kind, neither demanding, nor insist-



ing, but answering yes.

Peter broke away and, rising, went to stand by the fire, searching the flames as if they held some sort of profound answer to his questions.

Aaron moved to the boy, not touching him, but standing silently behind him.

After a long moment, Peter turned and faced Aaron. A hint of tears glistened in his eyes.

"I'm sorry I did that," Peter said, his mouth trembling ever so slightly.

"Don't be sorry, Peter!"

"Do you love me, Aaron?" He reached out his hand and touched Aaron's cheek.

"Not yet."

"Could you love me?"

"What do you think?" Aaron moved up to his toes and, placing his arms around Peter's shoulders, offered him his lips again.

Peter moved slowly to Aaron and drank.

They moved apart for a brief instant.

"What do you think?"

"I hope so, Aaron. I hope so."

## 7

"THE MASTER REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE IN THE study, sir," the servant informed Aaron.

After thanking the man, Aaron hurriedly finished dressing.

Richard had returned that afternoon and, after only a quick kiss, had dashed into his study. There had been no mention of that night. Aaron had dreaded the moment that was now about to happen. He dreaded it now even more because of the way he and Peter had come to feel about each other.

He stood for a moment before the mirror, checking to see that everything was in order.

He had no idea what he would say to Richard or, for that matter, what Richard would say to him.

Richard must certainly have talked to the doctor. There had been absolutely no indication of it on Richard's face, or in his voice, that afternoon.

Earlier that evening, for one brief moment, Aaron had thought of running, of fleeing from the castle back into the forest. But to where?

And then too, there was now Peter to think of. Could he come so far only to give up everything he had found? Could he give up what might be his last chance for love?

Perhaps he was deceiving himself. He had thought that he was in love with Richard. Now he thought that he loved Peter. Was it love?

In Richard he had sought escape. Was he now seeking the same thing in Peter?

No! There was a difference. He had looked up to



Richard; he had felt awed by the man.

With Peter he felt that neither of them was master. True, Aaron was more experienced, more worldly. Peter still needed to be taught. To be led.

Did Aaron want to lead him? Did Aaron want to love him?

Actually, Aaron knew that the decision was not his. Aaron did love Peter. Peter did love Aaron.

A final glance in the mirror, a hand smoothing down a lock of hair, and Aaron was ready.

Ready to face Richard.

Richard laid the final touches to the fire as Aaron entered the room. He had discarded his uniform in favor of a handsome silk dressing gown belted over a soft, loose-knit, beige tunic.

His dark blond hair was slightly rumpled, giving him a deceptively innocent look. The scar on his cheek was hidden as he stood, half turned to the fire which was now beginning to sparkle and blaze.

"Darling..." Richard walked forward and took Aaron in his arms, kissing him lightly on the cheek.

Aaron turned his head away so that the intended caress fell short of its goal.

"You're still upset about the other night, aren't you?" Richard asked. He turned away and, going to the table, poured wine into two crystal goblets.

The fire had not yet dispensed the chill of the room, and Aaron moved beside the fire, accepting the offered wine as Richard joined him there.

"I made a mistake, yes. I'm afraid I became too excited," Richard said. "With someone as sensitive as you it takes much time, and much patience. Next time it will be as it should."

Aaron said nothing, but turned slightly, staring into the fire.

This was the time, the moment he had been pre-

paring himself for since Richard had gone. This was the moment of truth.

"Don't you understand that pain is one of the greatest and most beautiful moments of love, Aaron?"

"Richard...I'm not sure of what I want to say," Aaron said. "No! It's not! Pain is not a part of love. Not that kind of pain anyway. Did you speak to the doctor? Did he tell you what I went through?"

"Yes, Aaron. That was unfortunate. You were not ready for it yet. I told you that it takes time and patience, like anything worthwhile."

"Not with me, it doesn't!" Aaron rejoined, tersely. His lips were compressed into a single, bloodless line. Quickly he tossed off the rest of the wine and nodded as Richard moved to refill the goblet.

"You're much like this wine," Richard remarked, holding the goblet high so that the light from the fire caught the amber liquid, reflecting rainbowed hues onto the wall. "You need ageing, maturation. A slow process, I admit, but the finished product...magnificent!"

He came to Aaron and stood behind the boy, his arms embracing him, his lips brushing Aaron's neck.

Aaron broke away and stood facing him. His knuckles, where he gripped the goblet, showed white.

"No! No! Richard. The kind of love you want is based on sickness—some sort of horrible sickness!" Aaron struggled to hold control. His voice strained, almost breaking. "I came close to dying up there, Richard! I almost bled to death! I know there are people who...who appreciate that sort of thing, but I'm not one of them!" He paused, bringing in huge gulps of air. Finally he brought his voice to bay, and turned again to Richard.

"I think I can understand you. Every one of us has some sort of sexual preference. I'm no different. But



your preference is not mine! I'm not a masochist." Aaron's speech slowed, grinding to a halt.

Richard had shown no emotion during Aaron's exhortation, and Aaron was sure that he understood, that Richard would honor his feelings.

"You do understand, don't you?"

Richard remained silent for a long moment, then went to the table and once more refilled his glass.

He stood examining its contents, and then raised his eyes to Aaron.

"I think perhaps you're being hasty. After all, did you like your first experience? You know the answer to that as well as I do. No! I'm telling you, Aaron. It takes time. Eventually you will learn to love my way. You will enjoy it just as much as I do." He walked back to Aaron and put his arm around the boy.

"I want you to trust me," he said. "You won't be sorry. I can show you pleasures such as you've never dreamed possible."

Aaron returned Richard's gaze with a cold stare. "I'm sorry, Richard. Please excuse me."

He turned to go.

Richard's voice, tight and cruel, stopped him as he reached the door. "Where are you going, Aaron?"

Where was he going? Back to the camp? No! Never back to the camp. Not away from Peter. But then he couldn't stay here...not with Richard. The answer was obvious and uncontestable; he must remain. He was still in Richard's custody.

His eyes moved to Richard's straight form, half shadowed, a facade of beauty concealing dark dread.

Richard held out his arms to the boy. The soft undulating lights splashed pale gold and amber through his hair. His voice, a low-throated whisper, murmured, "Aaron, come to me. Come to me now!"

## 8

"PIG!" THE WORD EXPLODED FROM PETER'S mouth at the same time that the bullet erupted from the muzzle of the Luger Peter held.

Before him, on the bed, Richard's body was lifted as if by some gigantic force, slammed against the carved headboard, and then fell, sprawling across Aaron.

With a few, quick strides, Peter crossed the room. With a savage wrench, he pulled the man from Aaron's prostrate form.

"Aaron! Aaron!" Peter's voice broke into sobs as he gathered the boy in his arms. "Aaron!"

The ugly black handle of the whip protruded grimly from the boy's bruised flesh.

"Oh God! Not again!" He started to grip the thing.

"No! No! Please..." Aaron stirred in his arms. "Go in the other room. I don't want you to see this. Please..."

He put his hand on Peter's chest and pushed.

"Please!"

"Aaron!"

"No! I don't want you to see this..."

"Aaron, let me help!"

"Peter! Do as I say! Now!"

"But I want to be with you."

"Will you please leave me alone for a moment, Peter."

Reluctantly Peter moved from the bed to the door. Cautiously he opened it, half expecting to see servants rushing through the halls toward him. The explosion



from the revolver had echoed through the great room like a cannon shot. Evidently the commander had been worried that Aaron's screams would be heard and had moved the servants away from the main hallway.

The commander's plan had helped Peter, not himself.

Earlier that evening, Peter had listened at the study door, to the conversation between Aaron and Richard. He knew what Richard had planned to do.

As he listened, crouched down against the cold hardness of the stone floor, Peter knew love for Aaron. He knew hatred for the evil being that was Richard. He knew fear for Aaron. He knew disgust for Richard.

He knew what he had to do.

He had gone immediately to his quarters in the old section of the castle and, after downing a quick shot of cognac, had taken his revolver from its leather harness and checked to see that it was loaded.

He had then made his way up the back stairs from the kitchen and stood at the door to Richard's chamber, waiting...

At the first outcry from Aaron, Peter had thrown open the door. Aaron lay face down on the huge bed, Richard was kneeling above him, his broad bare back gleaming with perspiration reflected by the firelight.

White-hot fury seized Peter and his finger gave the trigger a feral jerk.

Aaron lay absolutely still for a long second, his breath coming in ragged sighs. Then with infinite care, he reached behind him and slowly...slowly...slowly withdrew the awesome instrument inch by bloody inch.

He gasped with pain as the thing slid slowly from his perspiring body. He glanced quickly to the door, knowing that Peter was waiting outside. He took a pillow from the head of the bed and stuck a corner of it

in his mouth so that Peter would not be able to hear the cries of pain that escaped from his aching body.

He twisted and pulled, and it was out.

He lay back down, exhausted. He could feel a trickle of blood coming from between his legs. With slow, pain-filled movements, he stripped a casing from one of the pillows and used it to staunch the blood. As he withdrew the crimson streaked, blue satin, he almost smiled.

Weakly he climbed to his feet and pulled on his clothing. He went to the door and opened it. Peter rushed in, shutting the door behind him.

"Aaron, my darling," Peter muttered, holding Aaron tightly in his arms. "Did he hurt you badly?"

"No. No. I'm just a little weak."

"He's dead?"

"Yes. He's dead." They both glanced at the body lying prone on the floor.

Looking at what was left of Richard, Peter mumbled one word: "Good!"

"Now what, Peter?"

Peter walked to the body and, with a shove of his foot, pushed it under the bed. He took the blankets and quickly remade the bed.

When he finished, he turned back to Aaron, who was waiting at the door.

"Without him to call them, the servants will hesitate to come to the door before noon. That will give us enough time to get away."

"But where?"

"To my apartment in the city."

"But..."

"There isn't time to argue," Peter said.

They fled down the back stairs and through the kitchen. All was quiet and dark. The servants had retired hours before.



Out through the kitchen and into the garden they went, until they came to a small area behind the main garages.

A small dusty sports car sat on the far side of the leveled area.

Peter led Aaron to it.

## 9

FOR THE THIRD TIME SINCE THEY HAD LEFT THE castle, Aaron passed quietly into unconsciousness. Thankful that this time it was in the privacy of his apartment in the city, Peter undressed the boy and put him to bed.

Steeling himself to the task, Peter examined Aaron's cool, taut buttocks and saw that this time the bleeding was only superficial, and that after a few hours of rest, Aaron would be all right.

The apartment was small and sparsely furnished but comfortable. A small foyer, or entry, led to the tiny parlor and from that, a door opened onto the bedroom, bare save for an old, wrought iron bed, bidet, and the tiny sink and hot plate that served as the kitchen.

The only source of heat in the room came from the mammoth stone fireplace that dominated one wall. Peter crouched before it now, placing a match to the already prepared bed of paper and logs.

Firewood was becoming more and more scarce now that the war was in its sixth year but, thanks to his

being stationed at the castle, Peter had free access to the miles and miles of forest lands.

As the fire began to blaze merrily, Peter glanced to the bed. Aaron was now awake and watching as Peter moved to him.

"This is your apartment?" he asked.

Peter, now beside the bed, nodded.

Aaron reached up and drew Peter to him.

"Peter, Peter. What will happen to us?" he asked.

"Don't be afraid, liebchen. We are safe now."

"But Richard...they'll find him. They'll know who did it. They'll find us!"

"No! They'll think you did it. They'll think you killed him and then escaped."

"But..."

"No! Listen to me!" Peter put a hand to Aaron's lips, silencing him. "The doctor knows what he did. He'll tell the authorities. They will naturally assume that you killed him. Who else would have reason to? I will be back to the castle before anyone awakens. They won't even begin to suspect me. Besides...his family is very important in Germany; they will not allow a scandal to be connected with the family name. They will see to it that it is hushed up. Of course there will be a search for you, but who would think to look for you here?"

"You have thought of everything, haven't you?" Aaron asked.

"There's still one more thing..."

Aaron looked up at Peter questioningly. "What Peter? What is it?"

"Just this..." He gathered Aaron into his arms, holding him tightly. "I love you, Aaron. I love you very much. Will you marry me?"

Peter was so serious, so deadly earnest, that Aaron could hardly keep from laughing. The old



twinkle began to glow faintly in Aaron's eyes again and a pale touch of color shone bravely in his cheeks.

"This is quite a change from the first time I met you," he said. "Are you sure that's what you mean to say?"

"I'm very different from the first time we met. You changed me. Yes! I love you! I've made up my mind. I want you to marry me."

"You killed Richard for me? You killed him because he was hurting me?"

"Yes, because I love you!"

"Yes, Peter! Oh, yes! I will marry you!"

"Aaron, we will be so happy together! Wait and see," Peter said.

"Yes, Peter. We will be happy." Aaron blushed, rich crimson glow. "I wish that I were not...well, wish I were not in such pain. I would like to seal off love with...I only wish that I could...with you..." Aaron broke down. He could describe, explicitly, any function of love-making with anyone. Anyone, that is, but Peter. The innocence of the boy confused him.

"I wish I could love you right now..."

Peter returned Aaron's blush.

"There's no rush, Aaron. We have all time before us. Rest now, my darling. Rest." He pushed Aaron's head down onto the pillow and held him there until the boy closed his eyes, and his breathing grew slow and regular.

He sat there, holding Aaron, watching as the boy slept, until the first light of dawn broke through the windows. Then he carefully disentangled himself from Aaron's arms and stole to the car parked on the street below.

Aaron awoke late in the afternoon of the next day to find Peter bending over him.

"Everything is going beautifully," Peter remarked. "They found his body shortly after noon, and they've just begun to look for you. Go back to sleep. I'll be back tomorrow morning."

"Peter, wait!" Aaron said. He put his hand on Peter's shoulder, holding him back. "Are you sorry?"

"For killing him?" Peter asked.

Aaron nodded assent, looking deeply into his lover's eyes.

"No, darling," he said. "Never will I regret that. Not only for what he did to you, but for the very monster that he was."

He paused and raised Aaron's fingertips to his lips. "No...I'm not sorry. I love you. I'll never let anyone hurt you again!"

Peter pushed Aaron back onto the bed and, with his fingertips, closed the boy's eyes.

Aaron awoke again to the smell of food cooking, and smiled as he saw Peter standing over the hot plate. The bleeding had long since stopped and, except for a mild headache, Aaron felt wonderful. He pushed himself to a sitting position and, since the room was warm, pushed the coverlet to his waist.

At the sound, Peter turned, and setting the food aside, went to the bed. "Darling, do you feel better now?" he asked.

"Yes. Much better." Then, remembering: "Is everything all right. Do they know?"

"Everything is perfect. The whole thing has been carefully hushed up. They're not even looking for you. We're free! Both of us!"

"Both of us?" Aaron asked.

"Yes, my darling. I've been transferred back to the city. We can be together all the time," Peter said.

"That's wonderful, Peter." Putting his arms around



his newfound lover, Aaron hugged him tightly. Then worriedly, "Are you sure it's all right? No one will know? What if someone should see us together? Are you sure?"

Aaron's fretful tone amused Peter, and he leaned down and touched his beloved's forehead with a kiss.

"Yes, Aaron. Everything is fine. Everything is perfect." Again he kissed the boy. "Has the pain gone?"

There was a sly twinkle in his eye and Aaron, understanding perfectly its meaning, moved closer into Peter's arms.

"Does this answer your question?"

"Yes." Aaron pulled Peter down onto the bed.

"But Peter, I have to finish these dishes!" Aaron said, and tried to pull away. Peter drew him back, his strong arms around the boy's waist.

"But."

"But?"

"Tonight...something different," Peter said.

"Oh?"

"Yes."

Aaron led Peter away from the sink and onto the bed, shedding his clothes as he went. Lying nude, he held Peter off for a moment.

"Go light a fire. I want this to be romantic."

"I'm so unromantic that you have to resort to firelight?"

"Don't argue with me. What you're going to go tonight you should work for."

"It had better be good."

"Go light the fire."

"Yes, Lord and Master." Peter rose from the bed and hurried to the fireplace. Winter was now in earnest and the wind was rising outside. They were in for a storm.

Pausing only to make sure that the fire caught well, Peter scurried back to the bed.

Aaron pulled him into his arms and on top of him.

"Are you comfortable?"

"Oh, yes," Peter sighed. "Oh, yes!"

"I love you..."

"How could you help but love me?" Peter remarked.

"After all, I'm terribly remarkable."

"Terrible is not the word for it. If I didn't love you as much as I do..."

"What do you mean by that?" Peter asked.

"Simply that you are terrible in bed..."

"Aaron!" Hurt.

"Peter!" Mockingly.

"But, Aaron!!" Hurt even more.

"Idiot!" Aaron kissed Peter deeply, drawing the lushness of Peter's lips into his mouth. "I guess, come to think of it, you're not that bad."

"I'm glad you said that. I was worried."

"Shut up and kiss me."

Peter did shut up. Peter did kiss Aaron. Again and again.

"That's better. My god! You're a heavy brute!" Aaron said.

Peter pushed himself up with his arms, removing his weight from Aaron's body, except for his cock which throbbed against Aaron's.

"Do you want me to get off you?" Peter asked.

"Try it and I'll throttle you."

"Good! I'm glad you said that. I was hoping you would."

Peter settled back down, his body on Aaron's, covering the boy like a blanket, their legs and arms entwined.

"I love you awfully, you know," Peter said, looking down.



"Yes. I know." Aaron made a moue; a comic grimace.

"Well, la la la to you too."

"Now, Herr Pupil," Aaron said, taking a more serious tone. "I want you to pay strict attention to what I am about to teach you."

"Yes, Herr Proffesor."

"I want you to move up on your knees...so." He helped Peter to move slightly up on his knees. "Good. Now I will move like this." Aaron spread his legs far apart so that Peter was lying between them.

"Good!" Again they kissed. Peter was now having trouble playing the game. His passion made him rigid and throbbing. Aaron reached down, caressing his heavy cock, to make sure. Yes! Peter was more than ready. As Aaron touched him he gasped, and his fierce spear pulsed and throbbed in Aaron's hand.

"Now! Put your arms down here like this." Aaron pushed Peter's arms under his legs.

"Ummm. Yes! Now lift me up."

Peter started to lift in the wrong direction.

"No! No! Like this," Aaron said.

Aaron put his hands on Peter's shoulders, and lifted his legs up and toward Peter's chest.

"Yes. That's correct. Do you know what we're going to do?"

"Yes. I think so," Peter said, shifting slightly. Aaron's rigid cock would scrape across his.

"Good. Now I'm going to have to help you. It's not easy, especially at first. I want you to understand something. Peter, listen to me."

Peter, in his excitement, was not paying close attention. Actually his interest lay somewhere in the region of Aaron's neck. Right under the boy's chin where the flesh was the softest.

"Peter...at first this is going to hurt me. Especial

after what Richard did to me. I want you to understand that in case I cry out."

That brought Peter around.

"What? Hurt you? No! Never! I don't want to do it if it's going to hurt you. Please don't make me do it," he pleaded.

"I want it, Peter. I want you inside me. It always hurts at first. It will hurt me a little more because of what happened, but after the first few brief moments it will be all right. Do you understand?"

"I don't want to hurt you."

"Don't argue with me. Either you do it or I'll go get that broomstick in the corner. I need it! Do you understand me? I need it!"

"If you're sure..." Dubiously.

For an answer, Aaron reached down, and caressed Peter's throbbing lance again, and then brought the expanding head into him, bracing himself as the first shadow of entry began. Try as he did, Aaron could not help but cry out.

"No, Aaron. I'm hurting you!" Peter said.

"Shut up!" Aaron said, tersely as Peter started to withdraw.

"Shut up!" He pulled Peter to him again, and they continued the penetration, going slowly deeper into the hot, clinging sheath.

At the first pain, Aaron bit his lower lip and he felt a slight salty trickle of blood gather in the corner of his mouth. He kept his face turned to the side, away from Peter, so that the blond god of a man would not see the pain that flickered across his face.

"Is this right? Is this what I'm to do?" Peter could barely speak. He had been a virgin before he met Aaron, and this was the first time that his flesh had been surrounded by flesh and the ecstasy was almost unbearable.



"More! More!" Aaron almost screamed the words. Never before had he felt such sensations as were now coursing through his body. This was what he had been searching for, waiting for, longing for. This was the supreme and sublime moment.

Aaron gasped as Peter moved massively forward. Not from pain this time, but from ecstasy. This was what Aaron had been born for. This was what Peter had been born for. This was the supreme moment in life for them both.

Their whispered words were interspersed with cries of passion.

They moved to the very top, to the ceiling of sensation. They recreated the passion and agonies of the creation. They were both gods, and they did create, from a chaos, the universe.

They existed suspended in the exquisite intensifications of their love.

They were supreme!

They were gods!

Just before they slept, Aaron moved his mouth to Peter's ear and whispered, "I love you..."

"I didn't know you were ticklish, Aaron."

"I'm not!"

"You are too," Peter said.

"Am not!"

"Are!"

Peter grabbed Aaron and turned him over on his stomach. They were lying nude on the bed. Above them, on the roof, the heavy splatter of rain crashed and roared. The faint light of morning struggled grayly through the downpour, casting dim shadows on the walls around them.

"Let me go, you big clod!" Aaron wriggled and squirmed as the pale golden body of his lover pinned

him to the mattress. Peter slid down so that his lips were pressed against the small of Aaron's back.

"You're not ticklish?"

"No!"

"Bet you are..."

"I am not!"

Peter ran his tongue up the hard flesh of Aaron's back, causing the boy to gasp and move.

"See? You are ticklish. I told you so," Peter said.

"I am not ticklish, Peter!" Aaron said, vainly trying to escape Peter's grasp. "Any one would squirm at what you're doing!"

"You mean this?" Peter asked, his eloquent mouth moving lower and finding the pale roundness of Aaron's buttocks.

"Oooo!" Aaron had stopped twisting, and he lay softly in the man's embrace. "Yes! That's what I mean!"

"Do you like this?" Peter asked.

"Uh huh."

"And this?"

"Uh huh!"

"Do you know anything except uh huh?"

"Uh huh," Aaron said.

"What?"

"I love you, and don't stop."

"Don't stop this..." Peter nipped the white flesh of the boy's willing body. "Or this?" Slipping his hands under the boy's waist, he lifted him up and harder against his own pressing body. He slid higher, slowly, flesh moving against flesh as his body leisurely worked its way up.

"I like that! I bet I know what you're going to do..."

"I bet you're right too," Peter said.

"Uh huh!" Aaron said as Peter, still moving, slowly began to work his pulsing lance into Aaron's warm



depth. "Ah ha! I was right! You're a nasty man, Peter! Imagine...defiling a sweet young innocent like me."

"I want you to take careful note of the fact that I'm ignoring your subtle attempts at humor," Peter said.

"What do you mean humor? I am sweet and innocent!"

"Number one," Peter remarked, never ceasing in his now full fledged movements of love making. "You are not innocent! You're a dirty, evil young man, and I think that's why I love you so much."

Trying hard to concentrate both on his lovemaking, and his conversation, he continued, which wasn't easy because his every down thrust was met with a vast circular motion of Aaron's hips.

"Second: Remember all those onions that you peeled for the stew this morning? Well, right about now you smell like a very large, very tangy, young onion. So there!"

"All right!" Aaron answered. "Then you can get right off and go play with yourself and a bottle of perfume." Aaron struggled to move from under the man. Peter, however, was not about to let his lover move an inch. Except, perhaps, for the circular movements of the boy's hips. That he would allow to continue.

"You know what?" Peter asked, continuing his efforts that were now growing steadily stronger and more rapid.

"What?"

"I love you."

"Well. Why all this change to seriousness all of a sudden?"

"I just decided that it was about time I did. I haven't mentioned it in a while, you know."

"Oh, yes! It's been ages. All of..." Aaron glanced to the clock on the mantel. "All of twenty minutes now. But it was sweet of you. After all, it's the thought that

counts."

"Yes. That's true. Do you love me back?"

"Yes, I do. I love your front too." Aaron pushed Peter away, forcing him to withdraw entirely. His damp, sticky rod bubbled in air.

"What are you doing..." Peter moaned. He was ready. Fantastically ready and Aaron's interference perturbed him.

"Oh, hush up! I want to be able to look at you when I'm talking."

The boy quickly turned on his back and, raising his legs so that Peter could move between them, drew the man easily into him once again, all the way to the hilt in one smooth, liquid-fire slide.

"That's better. Now I can look at you and talk to you at the same time." Peter had raised Aaron's legs so that they rested on his shoulders. He had slid both of his hands under Aaron's buttocks, caressing them and urging them to move more deeply onto his out-thrust manhood. Aaron's erection was scraping through Peter's blond hair and poking into his stomach.

"You know?" Aaron mentioned, cocking his head to one side and peering down at Peter's ribs. "Your sides aren't bad either. A little bumpy perhaps, but all in all...nice!"

"Listen, you! Boys are supposed to be that way, bumpy I mean. It makes it more fun."

"Yes, I know."

Peter snuggled down into Aaron's neck, moving his tongue along the soft skin. He traveled up to the boy's ear, taking care to thoroughly dampen the area of flesh in between.

"You sure do take a long time, you know."

"Yes, I know. Do you mind?"

"Of course I mind! In fact, I'm even going to get a petition up to abolish any lovemaking that lasts for



more than three minutes." Aaron gasped, and tripped on the word "lovemaking" as Peter, driving forward, plunged to the furthest depths that his body would allow, clearing a path through the hot clinging wet that was Aaron.

"Yes! Oh, God, yes! I'm going to get a huge petition, signed by all the frustrated old ladies of Germany. They should be so lucky!"

Peter was now finding it more and more difficult to concentrate on what Aaron was saying. He buried himself once more to the limit of the boy's assenting softness and gasped as Aaron met the advance with a curious twist of his body meant to increase the contact and pleasure.

"Is it my turn to be serious now?" Aaron asked.

Peter refused to answer and, instead, concentrated all his energies and passions on the task before him.

"I love you too, Peter." The boy writhed as he sensed Peter's approaching moment.

"I wasn't sure that it could happen to me. I was beginning to wonder. But here you are. Here I am. I do love you! I do!" Aaron said.

"Be quiet!" Peter gasped. It's now! It's happening! Oh, God, it's happening!"

As Peter exploded into the scarlet and pale-white star fire of the final moment, filling Aaron's hot sheath with sticky delight, Aaron followed, his hips churning beneath Peter, giving maximum contact and intimacy to their fervent ecstasies as his own hot fluids gushed out, streaking across Peter's sweat-soaked chest.

"Yes! It is love!" Peter exclaimed as the world dissolved, and powdered lightning burst madly around them. Red and black implosions of heat and wonder centered in their beings and pulsed as they toppled the remnants of any selfish need they had felt before.

"I love you."

"How much?"

"This much." A kiss.

"And this much?" Another kiss.

"No. This much!" More and more kisses.

"I don't love you that much." Aaron said, and turned away.

"What? Aaron..."

"No, silly...I love you this much!"

"Aaron..."

Aaron giggled.

Peter bit his neck.

"Don't talk now!"

Aaron didn't.



"I DON'T LIKE IT," PETER WHISPERED. THEY both looked at the painting on the museum wall.

"Shhh. It's a masterpiece. Appreciate it!"

"No!" Peter whispered back. "I don't like it, and Hitler can take it and stuff it up—"

"Idiot!" Aaron murmured fiercely. "Do you want to get us both hanged?"

"I don't have to like it if I don't want to!" They moved on to the next painting.

"Now this one I don't like." Aaron said.

"I do."

"You're being contrary."

"Likewise."

"You said you'd take me canoeing. I want to go to the park," Aaron said.

"All right. All right. Don't be in such a hurry," Peter said.

"If you don't take me right now I'll tell everyone we see that you suck..."

"You little bitch! All right! I'll take you rowing."

"Right now?"

"Right now," Peter said.

Peter led Aaron out of the museum, the young boy laughing all the way, and across the green expanse of lawn toward the lake.

Peter spoke briefly to the man in charge of the canoes and, moments later, they were floating in serene splendor on the lake, encased in a bright red canoe.

"I've always wanted to go drifting in a bright red

canoe."

"Why?"

"So I'll have something to remember you by in my old age."

"I hope you'll have me, in the flesh, to remember me by."

"Oh. I will have you. You and lots of you's. The you when I first met you. The you when you first kissed me. The you of every time we've ever been in bed. The you that's sitting beside me in this bright red canoe. And those swans!" Aaron pointed to a pair of bright-white swans floating by, dipping gracefully in the placid water. "I want to remember us sitting her together like this, watching those swans."

"That's important, isn't it, Aaron?" Peter asked.

"Very important, Peter! Very important!"

Aaron lay on his back while Peter rowed far out into the lake. The late afternoon turned into dusk, and that into evening, as they drifted and turned with the current.

Aaron reached out his hand and touched a colored leaf as it swirled by, turning with the tide.

Far, far away from them, on the other side of the lake, the ivory swans lilted and danced to graceful music that was not too altogether distant from Peter's and Aaron's ears.

Overhead the stars spun and flared in their orbits; how they spun and danced for Peter and Aaron.

"How beautiful you are, Aaron," Peter said. "How beautiful is your body, and our love."

They moved together and watched as the swans trailed ivory phosphorescence through the slow tide.

Peter leaned forward to Aaron, to tell him how much he loved him, and instead, kissed the boy fully; breathing in the richness of his beloved's mouth.



Aaron leaned back, drawing Peter with him, and the canoe tipped and skittered.

Peter moved up suddenly and, taking the paddles, began to propel them hurriedly to the shore.

Aaron smiled and laughed, a wild, thrilling sound that ran over the water like a skipping stone.

Peter pulled the canoe into a densely forested cove and, after dragging it slightly up on the bank, helped Aaron out.

Taking the boy's hand, Peter led him to a quiet, mossy bank that commanded a view of the silver lake.

As the world moved in, turning gold, then silver, then crimson, Aaron looked up to the lake.

The swans dipped and floated like majestic courtiers of forgotten age.

Then, river, chill, and world were lost in the warm glow of their lovemaking, and the swans floated in consummate ecstasy.

Three more swans had joined the first, and they all rode serenely, sustained by their beauty on the lake.

"Aren't they lovely?" Aaron asked. A note of wonder and awe in his voice.

"Yes. You are," Peter replied, his lips on Aaron's neck.

"I meant the swans, silly."

"I meant you."

"I know you did. I'm glad."

"Are you cold?" Peter asked. They had not bothered to replace their clothing, and the dew was forming on the grass.

"No. Are you?"

"Yes. Let's go back to the apartment. I want more of you."

"Oh...you're wearing me out."

Peter moved on to Aaron's ear, nibbling on the rich, tender flesh behind it.

"Never mind about going back now..."

Then there was nothing save silence and the slight lapping sound of the waves, and then, in the distance, a lone trumpet cry from one of the swans.

"I don't know what I would have done if you didn't have a fireplace, darling."

"I know what you mean. It is cold, isn't it." Peter moved to the fire and placed another log on it.

"I think it's time we had a serious talk, Peter."

"All right. You talk seriously and I'll listen." Peter said, and returned to the bed where Aaron was lying. He crawled under the coverlet and snuggled up to the boy to get warm, his cold hand delicately cupping Aaron's heavy balls.

"Now. What is going to happen?"

"What's going to happen to what?" Peter said.

"Us."

"Us?"

"Of course us. Who else would I mean?" Aaron asked.

"Do you mean about the war?"

"Yes. What's happening? The news reports say that we are winning—but we're not, are we?"

"No. The whole thing's going very badly," Peter said. "The Allies seem intent on destroying us. It won't be very long before the entire mess collapses like a house of cards."

"What will happen to us then?"

"I don't know. I guess we'll just have to learn to exist," Peter said.

"You won't let them separate us, will you, Peter? I couldn't bear that."

"No, Aaron. No one will ever keep us apart. No



one!"

"I wish they would hurry. I hate hiding like this. Waiting. And the worst part is, we don't even know what it's going to be like," Aaron said.

"Poor Aaron. It must be hell for you, cooped up in these little rooms every day."

"I don't mind it when you're here. It's when you have to go that I hate it so," Aaron said.

Peter glanced to the clock on the mantelpiece. "I'm going to have to leave soon. I have a lot of work to do," he said.

He started to rise, but Aaron pulled him back down.

"Aaron! Not again. I must go, Aaron..."

"One more? For the road?"

"Aaron, I can't. No! Please darling, I really..."

Silence.

"It's happening, Aaron!" Peter said as he dashed through the door and began scrambling through the bureau, removing clothes and stuffing them into a leather bag.

"Peter, what is it? What's happening?" Aaron asked.

"The Allies are breaking through all around us! It's only a matter of time now!" He stopped and pulled Aaron into his arms.

"Oh, God! I love you, Aaron," he said.

"Peter, you can't go! Don't leave me!" Aaron pleaded.

"I must! The General is setting up the last defenses. I've been ordered out," he said.

"Peter, this is insane! You'll be killed!"

"I won't be hurt! Aaron, I swear it! I'll come back to you," Peter said.

"Don't go, Peter. Please..."

"I must." He kissed Aaron deeply, longingly. "Wait

for me. I'll be back soon."

One more quick squeeze and then he was gone. In his haste he had not quite closed the door, and Aaron went to it, looking down the stairwell at Peter as he sped down the steps.

All that Aaron could think of as Peter disappeared from view, was how much he hated those stairs, and the wall. They were filthy. The wallpaper had long since peeled in great patches that left dark, discolored lines of plaster. For years the tenants of the building had felt free to scribble on the walls; words as dark and dirty as the surfaces themselves. Mud and litter lay thick on the stairs, leaving the worn carpeting covered with debris.

Aaron turned away long after the door below had slammed shut, and returned to the apartment. Closing the door, he looked around the room. It was warm and neat. Aaron had gotten materials and sewing equipment and had worked at making the apartment cozy while Peter was busy during the day. He had made drapes, and recovered the old chair in the parlor. He had made a bedspread and a tablecloth.

When Peter had first brought him to the apartment, it had been dingy and cluttered. Slowly Aaron had cleaned and scrubbed and mended, so that now the rooms were like a home, rather than just a place where someone lived.

Aaron sat down carefully on the bed, not knowing whether to scream or merely to cry.

Instead, he waited...



"THAT'S HIM. LOOK!" THE OLDER OF THE TWO women pointed to Aaron as he turned onto the main street of the marketplace.

"Yes. I've seen him before. With Lieutenant Breken."

"They live together..." The words were a sibilant whisper, accusing and vicious.

"You mean?"

"I'm sure of it. Shh. Here he comes."

Aaron paused at the entrance of the green grocer's shop, wondering whether to buy a salad or not. Standing at the corner, a little distance from him, were two old women. Aaron recognized one of them as living in his apartment building. They were whispering and shooting short, quick glances at him.

Aaron ignored them and went into the shop.

When he came out, they were still there, and he hurried away, walking quickly back to the apartment.

He didn't like to go out of the building when Peter was away, he was afraid of the looks and whispers of the people on the streets. He was sure that they knew all about him, and his relationship with Peter. Or, worse yet, that they knew about his being a Jew.

He hurried up the dirty stairs to the safety of the tiny rooms. Inside he felt safe and secure and he lit a fire, even though the day was mild.

"Yes! I'm sure of it!" The old crone said to her friend as they watched Aaron disappear through the doorway.

"Have you seen the way they look at each other?"

"Yes! I have seen it!" She pulled the small boy she held by the hand closer, as if to protect him.

"If I ever see him come near my Hans..." She patted the little boy's head. "Something should be done about that kind of person."

"I agree. Someone should tell the authorities."

"And have a scandal in the city? No! Someone else should take care of him."

"But who? I'm an old woman, or I'd do it."

"We together could handle him! We and the decent women in the neighborhood. It's indecent! He shouldn't be left to run free like that. Soon we will find our children ravaged! Mark me well! It could happen with things like him running free!"

"You're right, Marta." She looked down at the boy. "Poor lad, and with monsters like him around."

Aaron peered out the window at the city below. A thick haze of smoke was rising steadily from the western horizon.

In the distance he could hear what sounded like muted thunder. He wondered briefly if a storm was coming, and then returned to his work. Even though the winter was almost over, and the spring was coming soon, he was knitting a sweater for Peter. With a shock Aaron realized that he was thinking that Peter was already dead. He muttered an oath and returned to his work with a passion. Peter was not dead! He had to keep thinking that over and over, Peter was not dead!

Peter was not dead. The lines were crumbling all around him. The defenses were almost totally destroyed, but somehow they had held.

The retreat had been sounded as the Allied armies pressed onward, throwing everything they had at the



weakened Germans.

Peter had miraculously lived through the carnage, and he now made a decision. The city was going to be taken, probably destroyed. He must get back there. He must save what was the only important thing in the world to him—Aaron.

Peter fled from his hiding place in the building, pausing only to gape at the line of tanks coming from the edge of the forest.

He ran to the back of the building and jumped into one of the Jeeps that were parked there.

He started it and turned it onto the road that led back to the city, and pushed down on the accelerator.

"I'm coming, Aaron! Wait for me! I'm coming!"

"Yes! That's him!" The woman pointed out Aaron to her husband as the boy walked by the window of their cottage.

"The monster!" she muttered. "I saw him looking at little Hans the other day. You know the look."

"Ja?"

"Something should be done about him!"

"Something should be done, yes..."

"Well...don't just stand there."

"What in the name of God do you want me to do, Marta? Kill him?"

"That would be a good thing!"

"Marta. You can't kill people just because you think they might be evil."

"Is it right that they should be left free to molest little children? Is it right that they should be left to wander the streets doing God only knows what?"

"Do what you will, Marta. I have no time for such evils."

The old woman's husband turned and entered the shop. With a disgusted shake of her head, Marta

walked across the street where her friend was sitting on a stoop with her small son.

"I have just talked to my husband. He will do nothing about that monster. Men!"

She pointed to Aaron who had just left a shop, and was now walking toward them. He had to pass the two women on the way back to his apartment.

Marta helped herself to a piece of fruit from a basket of apples that sat by the other woman's side. "Umm. These are good!" She said, her mouth full of the ripe juices of the apple. "He is a monster! An animal! It is disgusting!"

Aaron was almost abreast of them now, and he could see the evil look in the women's eyes.

"Something should be done! Something should be done! Something will be done!" She took the fruit from her mouth and flung it at Aaron.

Aaron ran, tripping and falling, then regaining his footing as the women hurled insults and fruit at him. He ran and ran! The doorway! The hall! Stairs! So many stairs. So many. A landing. More stairs. Another landing. Up and up! Finally the last landing!



TREES SPED BY AS PETER JAMMED THE ACCELERATOR to the floor.

The smoke from the bombings and grenadings spread over the sky, paling and diffusing the light.

The armies were coming closer. Advancing every moment.

He had to hurry. Aaron could no doubt hear the sounds of the explosions now from the apartment in the city. He would be worried.

Peter stepped hard on the brake as a rabbit ran across the road. He missed it and then stepped on the gas pedal again, cursing the delay.

"Wait for me, Aaron," Peter said aloud. "I'm coming! I only have a short way to go now. I'll be home in a little while."

Aaron slammed the door and stood panting as he shot the bolt home.

He pressed his face against the wood of the door, hot tears coursing down his cheeks.

He was sobbing. Low muffled sounds came from deep in his throat.

"Peter? Peter? Why did you leave me? Why didn't you come home to me? Why? Why?" he mumbled.

The outlying farms of the city flashed by as Peter sped along the road. Just moments more! Then Aaron!

"I'm coming, Aaron!"

The tears stopped suddenly and Aaron knew what

he must do. Quickly! Before he could change his mind. Now was the time! Now! He ran to the sink and opened the small drawer. He rummaged through the implements there. He withdrew his hand. In it, a knife. Its blade sharp, shining, reflecting the light from the window on its surface. *Quickly, Aaron! Don't be a coward! Don't fail! Now!*

He moved to the bed. *No! Take off your clothes first. It's better that way. Remember Peter...? Remember how it was with him?*

"How dare you come to bed with me with your clothes on?"

"But, Peter, it's cold!"

"It won't be long. Off!"

Aaron removed his clothes and slipped into bed beside Peter, the hair of their legs clutching and embracing each other.

Now! Quickly into bed, Aaron. Pull the coverlet up. Don't be afraid. It will be quick. Now!

The knife hesitated for an instant as if it did not wish to commit sacrilege by defiling Aaron. It then slid deftly into the shivering body.

*Oh my God! I didn't think it would hurt this much!* Aaron thought, as the hot pain flooded through him. Darkness, like a numbing wave, rippled across his mind, and one final thought came with it: *I love you, Peter.*

The Jeep shuddered to a halt, its tires smoking. Peter leaped out and dashed to the building entrance. He could hear the sounds of gunfire coming from the other side of the river.

"Herr Breken!" the old woman called out as he sped by.



"What are those noises? Is it the war?" Peter ignored her and bounded up the stairs, three at a time. He stumbled once on the well-worn steps, quickly caught his balance, then moved on.

The word-scribbled walls flashed by. Each landing that he sped around was a counter.

Four more to go!

Three more to go!

Two more to go!

One more to go before he reached the top of the stairway...and Aaron.

He reached the final landing at the top of the staircase. Only a few more feet, a few more inches to go.

The door!

The door that hid Aaron from him!

Beloved Aaron!

With one motion he reached the door, threw it open, and dropped his bag on the tattered carpet in the doorway.

"Aaron! Aaron?" he called. The entry was empty. He ran to the bedroom, pushing aside the curtain in the doorway.

Aaron lay on the bed. Peter stood watching for a brief moment. How many countless nights could he remember when he had lain awake watching Aaron sleep? He would marvel at the smooth brow, so unmarked and clear. He remembered so many times touching the warm, limp cock, the dark curls that flowed around it, slightly damp in the wet heat of the room. How many times had they lain like that? How many times had he held Aaron in his arms, his soft breath warming the boy's cheek as he slept.

He walked quickly to the window. "Aaron! Aaron! Wake up!" he said. He threw open the window shutters, letting the light flood the room.

This dark bare room—this monk's cell where their

love had grown and flowered.

Peter gazed out the window at the war-torn city. To the west, the buildings lay tossed and crumpled where the air raids had been the heaviest. A thick pale of haze hung in the air, obscuring the horizon. The sound of gunfire was growing louder and, even as he watched, he could see the movement of enemy tanks on the river bridge.

"Aaron?" Peter turned from the window. Aaron lay still on the bed.

Aaron was not a heavy sleeper.

Peter went to the bed and gathered Aaron into his arms. He felt stiff and cold. The hilt of a knife protruded from his stomach. It glistened and flashed in the light from the window.

The sheets—that before had been covered with the quilt—were now pulled back to reveal the bloody evidence of Aaron's death.

"Aaron?" The cry came, choked and muffled in his agony. He slumped. *No tears, Peter. No tears.*

Aaron had loved the glow that had always shown on Peter's face. The glow, once so bright, now faded and dimmed, transmuted to a distant age.

Gone the red-tapered candles, the ivory swans, the cool red wine that Aaron loved so much.

Carefully, as if handling precious and fragile crystal, Peter lowered Aaron back on the bed, tucking the quilt around him, quietly, almost as if he might waken the boy. *Don't cross his arms on his chest! That's only for the dead!* Peter smoothed the stubborn little locks on Aaron's forehead. Aaron didn't look dead; he was only sleeping.

"It was rough, Aaron. Wasn't it?" Peter said. He wanted to kiss Aaron's cheek, but he knew it would be cold, so he didn't.

"Have you looked out the window, Aaron?" Peter



stood and crossed the room. "The Americans are coming, there." He pointed to a spot on the horizon.

"And the French...they're crossing the river now. Did you know that Hitler is dead?" He turned and looked at Aaron, then, not liking what he saw, he turned back to the window. The bluish haze had thickened in the west, throwing a tobacco-smoke curtain over the city.

Directly overhead the sky was blue and pure. There were no planes now, they had already accomplished their mission. Most of the buildings in the western sector were rubble now.

"Did you see what they have done to our beautiful city, Aaron? Remember the museum? And the park? And that lake where I took you canoeing?" Peter laughed, chuckling at his memories.

"Remember how the stars danced in the sky? You laughed, and I wanted to cry out to the world that I loved you, but I kissed you instead. And the canoe tipped. Then we rowed to the bank and, deep in the glade, we made love, and the stars danced for us. Remember how cold it was, and how you shivered in my arms? I kissed you and then you weren't cold any more. The swans, Aaron. Remember them?" His voice cracked, the tears came. "Aaron, the swans! Remember the swans! Please don't ever forget them, Aaron. Remember them!" Peter's hands, clutching the window sill, were white. The blood showed at the knuckles. He turned to Aaron and, running, threw himself on the bed, holding Aaron in his arms.

His voice dropped to a whisper, each word separated and accented. He must speak slowly so that Aaron would understand.

"Please remember, Aaron. It is so important that you and I never forget this!" He stopped, broken. They lay there for a long time, no sound but Peter's

muffled sobs invading the stillness.

"Remember what you told me, Aaron? You said that we were supposed to live. We were going to store up memories so that when we were old we would have all our love to look back on. You cheated me, Aaron. You didn't give me enough memories. I love you, Aaron! I love you! I love you!" Peter's voice broke, and he buried his head in Aaron's shoulder.

He lay for a long time, and the light slowly dimmed and faded around them. The sky, still overcast, had turned from its bluish cast, to a soft red velvet, the color of death's blood. Its crimson color a rusted stain on the western horizon.

"Where have you gone, Aaron? Why didn't you wait for me? Did you think I wouldn't be back? Aaron, I failed you! I didn't come back soon enough. God! Dear God! I'm sorry, Aaron. Oh, God, I'm sorry!"

He lifted Aaron in his arms again. The knife handle touched him. Peter saw it, shining pale in the sunset light.

"You should have waited, Aaron. Just a little longer. That's all it would have been. Just a little longer!"

Peter looked again at the knife. It did not belong. It had no place. It was not a part of Aaron. Not a part of the boy he loved.

Slowly! Tenderly! Carefully as he himself had withdrawn his own lance from Aaron so many times, he slid the dagger from his lover's body. He raised it high, the last, glowing sunlight striking it.

The door burst open.

A man stood there, an American soldier. He was holding a machine gun.

A white-hot burst of fire spat from its muzzle, cutting Peter in two. Peter fell across Aaron's body.

The American stood in the doorway. He stood as if from a great height, looking down.



A huge, wrought iron bed dominated the room. A young boy lay on the blood-stained sheets. Sitting beside him, a young German lieutenant sat, a knife raised high in the air to stab and stab again.

Rage overtook the soldier and he pressed the trigger on his gun. Fire spurted from the muzzle and flared outward.

"You love to kill, don't you? You dirty Nazis just love to kill!"

THE END

GO DOWN, AARON

GO DOWN, AARON

GO DOWN, AARON

GO DOWN, AARON



THE SALE OF THIS BOOK IS LIMITED TO ADULTS

The Nazis had used Aaron's tortured flesh in every conceivable way, and still he continued to submit to their twisted hungers in order to escape the gas-chamber's ultimate seduction. But there was no way for him to escape what he had become, a perverse tool of Nazi degradation, the target of every sadist and deviate in the Third Reich!

*Go Down, Aaron*